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## HAVE YOU SEEN MY DAUGHTER?

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I beg your pardon, gentle folks, I live across the water;
Hoboken is my residence—I'm looking for my daughter;
She's seventeen and rather tall, and looks just like her sister,
It's a week ago next Saturday, I think it was, I missed her.

And where she is, good gentle folks, I've really no conception;
Have any of you seen her? I'll give you her description;
Her eyes are blue, complexion blonde, her smile is sweet and tender,
And when she left her residence she wore a Grecian bender.

One lengthy curl hung down her back, and very large her chignon,
Her gait was limping like a duck with damaged limb or pinion,
Hardly perceptible the thing she called her summer bonnet,
A ribbon and a flower or two was all there was upon it.

Her name is Anastasia Seraphina Evalina,
Now tell me kind and gentlefolks have any of you seen her?
For it's up and down and everywhere in vain all day I've sought her;
If she answers my description why of course she is my daughter.

Exactly like a shower of gold my lovely daughter's hair is,
She's as white as any lily, for she used *Exall de Paris;*
Only last week a brass new pair of fancy boots she bought her,
Quite small and very tall the heels; say, have you seen my daughter?

She wore a diamond ring or two, likewise a gold repeater,
You couldn't help a-knowing her if once you chanced to meet her;
And very full her overskirt, and very short her under,
Dear gentle folks have any of you seen her now, I wonder?

It really isn't just the thing, I don't think you had oughter
Keep poking fun at one like me, a-looking for his daughter;
I tell you I am really getting quite alarmed about her!
Why can't you tell me where she is?—I can't go back without her.

I've described her so distinctly you will know her when you see her;
You can tell by my description whether or no it be her;
Shoplifter—a Grecian bender, with a long curl down behind her,
I have no doubt, if you look sharp, but you'll be sure to find her.

Now I can stay no longer; but if you should meet my daughter
Just call a policeman, if you please, and write me you have caught her;
I'll pay all your expenses, for her mother's heart is broken,
Also be much obliged to you—address me at Hoboken. J. H. B.

## TOM BLIGHT THE GROOM;

OR,

## THE MYSTERY OF DOSMERRY POOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TEMPTED SISTERS," &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

"Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight,
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light."

HEMANS.

Sir Hugh Pendarvis, at Taunton, received the following epistle from the good priest in the convent at Blois. The little corpse had been laid to rest in the graveyard of the nunnery with all the pomps and ceremonies which go to make Heaven surer to the dear departed, and Clara had wept over the tiny grave as though she never could weep her fill.

HONORED SIR—I write to inform you of an event by which it has pleased Heaven to remove an obstacle from the future career of your dear daughter, by you committed to our charge. The infant of the demoiselle Clara is dead; it expired suddenly in the arms of one of our holy sisterhood a week since. The cause of death you will see in the enclosed certificate, also the burial charges and registrar. Mademoiselle Clara weeps incessantly, and is restless and unhappy in the seclusion of our holy house. She entitions the reverend mother to allow her to go back to Tours, but I think such a measure would be inexpedient. I have seen Mademoiselle La Bruce, and learned from her that the person against whom we were warned has been seen in the neighborhood, therefore it would not do. You may trust us to do all in our power to make your daughter happy. Yours in all humility,

MICHEL D'AUBRAY.

Clara's note was imploring and highly incoherent:—

DEAR PAPA.—She is dead—my little baby! Let me come home or I shall die! If I am not good enough to come to Taunton, let me go to Tours, to Mademoiselle La Bruce. I will never, never disobey again, only let me go.

CLARA.

Sir Hugh's answers to both were to the same effect, viz., that for the present, at least, Clara must remain where she was—he recommended her to employ her time in study against the time when she would make her appearance again at Taunton; he reminded her how young she was and how much she might do before he recalled her to be his dear daughter once more. The nuns were many of them accomplished teachers, and she learnt readily and well, so that by the time she did leave Blois she was perfect in all the feminine branches of education she had neglected before. But this is anticipation.

The day Sir Hugh Pendarvis dispatched his answers to the two letters, he walked down to the sea beach in musing mood. He was troubled and perplexed; his wife's health was weaker, and then Tom Blight! What to do he did not know, and was communing with himself whether or no he should take Mr. Mervyn into his confidence and see what could be done, when suddenly he found himself face to face with the object of his thoughts. Handsome as ever, insolent as ever, with the same saucy smile on his mocking lip, and the same light in his merry blue eyes, leaning against the door post of his mother's cottage, smoking, and looking out over the sea. Sir Hugh was astonished; he had certainly never expected to see him there.

"You!" he exclaimed,

"Yes, me."

"Why do you come here?"

"It is my home."

"But your promise——"

"I never promised not to come and see my mother. Sir Hugh Pendarvis—filial disobedience is no failing of mine."

"It is a failing you know well how to teach others," said the baronet bitterly; "something besides filial love has brought you here. What do you want?"

"Money."

"I thought so—is your mother in?"

"No."

"Then come into the house and let me speak to you."

Tom motioned him in and they sat down.

"Now what sum will make you keep this disgraceful secret for ever?" Sir Hugh asked, abruptly.

"None that you can give me; give me my rights. You know what I mean well enough, and I will go away as far as you like, and never trouble you any more."

"Reveal it; make it public do you mean?"

"Exactly, put me in my proper place."

"Never."

"Then I must look out for myself. I must be your pensioner, and what's more, I must come home now and then to see that my—well, well, I won't speak the word if you don't like it—does not get into any scrapes. Some one might play me false if I didn't look out, eh?"

"You will drive me mad, you scoundrel!"

"Oh no, I won't, I'll keep a still tongue, but on the whole I think it would be cheaper to pay some one to put me out of the way, no one would suspect a baronet of murder."

"Don't provoke me to do it myself," said Sir Hugh, in the concentrated tone which tells of deep passion. "You say you want money—how much?"

"Oh say another hundred, it will do."

"Be here to-night at eight o'clock—you shall have it."

It must be supposed Sir Hugh kept his word, for the widow Blight had money to spend, for awhile at least, though she wondered not a little how Tom earned it—and her son went away, to return in a very few days, and play sundry wild pranks which gave her not a little anxiety. Smuggling was rife upon the Cornish coast at the time, and Tom Blight chose to attach himself to one of the most notorious and daring evaders of the law on all the coast. How it came about matters little to our story, but the end of one of their expeditions was that one fine moonlight night a fray arose between the smugglers and the preventive men, and the hapless Tom Blight, who had taken an active part therein, was brought home to his mother's house a corpse. It was as well, perhaps, for his neck would otherwise have been in jeopardy; another man had been killed in the *melee*, and there were plenty who could swear that the hand that struck the blow was his. His face was horribly mutilated; there was not a recognisable feature in it, blows and falls, and a final hurl on to the hard rocks had done their work, and the widow could only cover the blurred image of her handsome son and weep in despair. Sir Hugh was sitting with his wife just before retiring to rest when the news was brought of the fray and its consequences, and startled her by the agitation he displayed.

"Tom Blight dead!" he exclaimed, and then, as the servant left the room, he added, as if unconscious of her presence, "God knows I've wished to be rid of him—prayed for his death, may be; but I never thought of a death like this!"

"What do you mean, Hugh?" she asked anxiously. "What was Tom Blight to you that you should wish him dead?"

"Nothing, my darling, less than nothing now, if this news be true: I must leave you for awhile; you won't feel nervous?"

"Leave me! At such a time of night! Why, Hugh! where are you going?"

"To see if this news is true, to be sure that it really is this man who is killed; don't ask me any questions now, my darling, I am racked with anxiety and doubt."

She watched him out, and saw him cross the lawn in the moonlight, wondering not a little what the interest could be in Tom Blight, of whom latterly nothing but evil had been heard by any one.

"He will tell me in his own good time," she said to herself, as she hurried away from the window.

As she did so, she saw something white lying on the floor. Sir Hugh had been sorting at an old carved oak escritoire where he kept papers and bills, and had shut it when he went out. Doubtless this was something he had dropped, and she took it up, but was startled to see that it was in Clara's handwriting. What could she have to write about that needed to be kept? She read it hastily; it was the imploring little note that her daughter had enclosed in Father D'Aubray's letter to Sir Hugh! Over and over again the mother read it, her brain seeming to whirl with all the horrible secret it unfolded.

Clara in a convent at Blois and not at Tours, and—ah! she must be dreaming, surely—it could not be possible! No, the note she held was real; there must be confirmation somewhere, and she pulled at the lid of the escritoire, which, as it happened, her husband in his hurry had not securely locked. Here were papers and letters in abundance, and in a pigeon hole to themselves documents and bills bearing postmarks and data of both Tours and Blois. She did not often read her husband's letters or interfere with his correspondence, but now she turned these fatal letters over with eager and trembling hands, and read there enough to tell her the whole shameful story of her child's dishonor! She had strength to put them back again and shut the desk as she had found it, and then with Clara's little note crushed into her bosom she sank moaning to the floor. An hour afterwards Sir Hugh came in; his mind was relieved beyond measure by the sight of Tom Blight's dead body. The man was gone for ever, and by no agency of his, and a vista of freedom from anxiety and pleasant days in the future seemed opening before him.

"Her ladyship is gone to bed, I suppose?" he said to the servant who took his hat and coat in the hall.

"I think not, Sir Hugh; my lady's bell has not rung yet."

"How foolish of her to sit up!" he said to himself, hurrying to the room where they had been sitting. "She will be ill to-morrow."

Ill! He thought that it was a corpse at first that lay there so white and still upon the floor, and his shout for help and lights rang through the house. The terrified servants came running at his call and bore their mistress to her room. The nearest doctor came with all speed and suggested and tried remedies, till at length the heavy eyelids unclosed, and faint breathing showed that the hand of death was stayed for awhile at least. Another hour and she was able to speak, though feebly, and her anxious husband begged to know what had made her ill. For answer she put Clara's letter in his hand and he saw that she knew all.

"You will fetch her home, now," she said. "I am dying, Hugh."

"I will send for her at once, my love; but you must not talk of dying—I shall see you well once more together yet."

"Never; but I must kiss my child before I die. Send for her—now—to-day, before it is too late."

Mr. Mervyn was roused at five o'clock in the morning by a message, summoning him to the castle with all speed. It was from Sir Hugh, who begged him to go at once to Blois to fetch his daughter. If ever the worthy clergyman was astonished in his life it was to learn that his friend's child instead of being at school was in a nunnery, but he saw there was a mystery, and undertook the commission at once, promising to ask no questions, but simply to execute his trust. Lady Pendarvis begged to see him before he went.

"If you should be too late," she said, "if Heaven wills that I shall never see my child again, take her my last kiss and blessing, and tell her that her mother's last thoughts were for her, and God bless you, old friend, for your long and tried friendship."

He raised the thin hand to his lips, and his tears fell upon it. The kiss that he left upon it was the seal of a lifelong love and truth, an inward promise to befriend her child through any fortune of good and ill that might come to her, and so with a dull aching pain at his heart he left her and went across the sea to Blois. Four days later a hired carriage and pair drove up at a gallop to Tantallon. The horses were white with foam and dust, and the travelers exhausted with fatigue, the servants crowded to the door and could scarcely recognize their young mistress in the jaded, haggard looking girl, with the tangled hair, that was lifted out of the vehicle.

"Are we in time?" asked Mr. Mervyn anxiously of the butler, who stood foremost.

"I think so, I hope so, sir;" he replied, sadly. "The doctor is up stairs now with Sir Hugh."

"Oh, come, come,' said Clara, pressing forward; but at that moment a woman with tears on her face came softly down the staircase.

"Oh, Mr. Mervyn, sir, is that you?"

"Yes, how is it?"

"Too late, sir, too late," said the woman, wringing her hands, "my lady has just gone."

The butler caught the insensible form of Clara as she fell.

"Carry her in," said the rector "I will go up stairs."

And this was Clara Pendarvis coming home from school.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Meet me by moonlight alone,
And there I will tell you a tale,
Must be told by the moonlight alone,
In the grove at the end of the vale."

ANON.

But all these things which we have written are things of the past now. Lady Pendarvis had lain in her grave more than two years, and Clara was twenty years old. The bitterness of Sir Hugh's grief and his daughter's remorse had passed as such griefs do go by, and he had learned to forgive and love his child again as loving father will. There did not seem a cloud upon the bright young heiress' happiness, and she was envied by her young lady friends both for her fortune and her future husband. She herself was by no means loth to own her good fortune.

"There isn't a luckier girl in the world," she was wont to say to Lady Alice. "Not one. I have a fortune and my name must go with it, and behold the very man I love is willing to take that name."

Willing! Leicester Gwynne was proud, he told her so a dozen times a day when he was with her.

The glamor of love was upon him, and she was altogether bright and pure in his eyes. When she sank senseless at the feet of her father, after listening to Mr. Mervyn's story, he sprang forward with an exclamation of alarm. Sir Hugh was quicker than he, and had already lifted her into his arms.

"Leave us, Leicester, leave us a moment, for Heaven's sake!" he said in an excited tone.

"But Clara," the young man began, "she is ill, suffering."

"It will pass," said Sir Hugh, hurriedly. "It is nothing; leave us, Leicester, leave us."

"At any rate I may send some one to you."

"Quick, ring—but go."

He left the room, surprise and mortification upon his face, and then for the first time Mr. Mervyn saw that the Baronet was as pale as his daughter, and that his hands shook as if with the ague as he laid her on the sofa.

"Let me ring for help, Pendarvis."

"No, no; there must be none here when she revives, none to hear what she says—oh, Heaven! his name may be."

Mr. Mervyn was puzzled, but he saw there was something he did not understand, and he aided to restore the unconscious girl. Her first words were not what her father had feared, but they were odd.

"Papa is it true?"

"Is what true, darling?"

"Is he alive or did I dream it? Mr. Mervyn said so."

"Mr. Mervyn told us a ghost story, dear, which told upon your nerves, that's all."

"Yes, the ghost—we saw it, Leicester, and I; I remember that, and now some dreadful day of misfortune and retribution is coming upon us. Is the happiness I promised myself never to come?"

"Hush, my own Clara, you are over excited and tired; Leicester is close at hand; nothing has happened. I sent him away because——"

"Because you feared I might say something his affianced wife should not say. I understand," she said, with something of bitterness in her tone. "You may call him back now, papa, I am quite well."

So Leicester was called back to take his bride elect once more to the ball-room, where Lady Alice exclaimed at her pale face, and Lady Bulteel and the other grand dames talked pretty platitudes about her having been fatigued, etc., etc., after the manner of careful mammas.

"Gone!" she said, "not a shred left to tell tales—and now to make myself fit to see those girls. Poor souls, they little think that there may be no pageant to-morrow—that it may be all a mockery. Pshaw! What am I saying?—no wedding—there shall, if murder stands between me and my intentions!"

She sat resolutely down before her glass and looked at her face, and pushing aside, as she did so, a heap of trifles with which she had encumbered it; lady-like notes and odd trinkets, for she was by no means tidy.

"Pale," she said to herself, "ghastly, even to the lips, and dishevelled, too; this won't do."

She opened a locked box, and took out sundry bottles which it contained, and with the aid of a touch from one and another, she soon restored her bloom, though there was a feverish glance in her eyes that told of inward excitement. Then she rang for her maid.

"Bretton," she said, "clear all this up, and burn these notes; they are of no consequence, any of them."

Then she went down and Bretton proceeded with her task. She was a careful person and that she might not burn anything of consequence she read them all and criticised the writing, crests, etc. At length she came to one different looking from the rest; it was on coarse paper, and though in a good hand, was not the sort of note a young lady would be likely to receive on the eve of her marriage. The girl opened it gingerly, it had no address, and looked uncommonly like the note she had seen the boy give to her young mistress. She was right. In her whirl of wretched thought she had caught up another piece of paper and destroyed it. Bretton opened her eyes very wide at its contents; it had neither address nor signature, and was curious, to say the least of it.

"By the memory of all that is past, by the remembrance of what you have made me suffer, I command you to meet me before you stand at the altar to-morrow. I will be at the Beetle Rock at twelve o'clock to-night, and will wait an hour. If you fail me, I will stop the wedding in the church to-morrow. If you come and accede to my wish, Leicester Gwynne may have his bride for me."

Bretton read the letter very carefully and then put it in her bosom. She was very quiet down stairs all the rest of the evening. She said she had a head-ache when asked what ailed her.

### CHAPTER IX.

"When we two parted in silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted, to sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek, and cold, colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold sorrow to this."

BYRON.

"Mamma, there's something the matter with Clara," Lady Alice said to her mother, when they were alone together before retiring to rest.

"What is it, my dear?"

"I don't know, she changed all at once this evening."

"I thought her looking feverish when she wished me good night; it is natural at such a time."

"But it came suddenly mamma."

And then Lady Alice told her mother all about the message, and how Clara had come back to them with what she described as a "strange look in her eyes," and had been in some unaccountable way quite different afterwards."

"She will be herself again in the morning," Lady Bulteel said; she was not anxious on the score of Clara's looks and feelings, she had seen no change in them.

Lady Alice could not sleep, and towards morning, or at any rate a couple of hours after midnight, she rose and went to her window. The night had turned fitful and stormy, and the clouds were hurrying past the moon in a wild way, making ghostly shadows on the grass. She stood watching them for a few minutes, when suddenly she beheld a vision, a clouded figure coming across the lawn, keeping carefully in the shade of the trees.

"The ghost!" she said to herself, in affright, remembering the legend of the house; but even as the words escaped her lips the hood of the cloak, caught by the driving wind, lifted itself from the face and revealed to the astonished girl the features of Clara.

Clara's face without a doubt, but so wild, so haggard, so evil looking, that it seemed more like the face of a fiend. Thoroughly terrified, Lady Alice sprang into her mother's room which was next to hers and woke her. She was almost too frightened to tell what she had seen, and Lady Bulteel had much ado to pacify her.

"My darling, you were dreaming."

"I wasn't, indeed, mamma, I was at the window; I never saw anything so horrible. It was Clara's face; but so transformed."

"Clara out at two o'clock in the morning in wild weather like this, and alone; my dear child, the thing is impossible.

"I am going to her room to see, mamma."

"Well, if you will be so absurd, wait till I put on my dressing-gown, and I will come with you. Heigho! I wish all the fuss was over."

When the mother and daughter tapped at Clara's door they were answered by a voice which came unmistakably from the bed, and when they entered, there lay the young heiress, curled up under silken coverings, her face flushed as if with sleep, and her eyes winking drowsily at them as they stood beside her.

"What's the matter?" she asked, "is anybody taken ill?"

"Alice fancied she saw you out of doors," Lady Bulteel said "and insisted on coming to see."

"*Me* out of doors! When!"

"Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour since. I think she must have dreamed it and woke up in a fright."

"I think so, too—me out of doors! And to-night of all nights in my life. Do I look as if I wanted to go out of doors? Alice, dear, you must have eaten something that disagreed with you."

They left her to her sleep, but nothing that her mother could say could alter Lady Alice's opinion. It was Clara or her ghost. She was right—it was Clara. Bretton had seen her young lady to her room and then partially undressed her. She was often dismissed when Clara's ornaments and dress were taken off, but this night she knew it was for a purpose. She went to her room, put on a cloak, and set herself to watch in the shrubbery, through which she knew Miss Pendarvis must pass to get to the place of meeting, which was a flat stone on the edge of Dosmerry pool.

Dosmerry pool is a round tarn in the middle of a bleak moor, of great depth, and believed in the Cornish mind to be unfathomable in some places. There is not a human habitation within two miles of it, Tantallon being, perhaps, the very nearest house. As it is believed to be haunted by a noisy and malicious fiend, it forms a very safe place of meeting after night fall, as none of the peasantry would venture near it for any bribe that could be offered them, and even their better informed and wealthier neighbors would think a long time before they would run the risk of facing Tregeagle and his imps. On the margin of the pool there is a flat stone, called by the people about, the Beetle Rock, and in front of this the pond is said to be bottomless, Tregeagle always diving off this stone when hard pressed by his Satanic persecutor. And to this place was Clara Pendarvis bidden in the dead of night, and Bretton prepared to follow her, for once in her life, oblivious of her fears of ghosts. Steadily she went, on and on, with an unfaltering step and set lips, as though she were bent upon an unalterable purpose, and felt no fear of what might stand between her and its fulfilment.

Bretton had never seen her young lady look like that, and she shook with an undefined dread as she started to follow her. On they went, till the slight figure of the heiress emerged from the great grey moor, and stood clear against the sky. The lovely moonlight of the early evening had given place to gusty, stormy weather, and the moon was alternately clouded and clear, as the hurrying clouds scudded across the sky. There was not a tree or a shelter for a mile or more, save the great upreared stones of some Druidical remains. These were almost close to the pool, so close, that with the wind towards her, she might hear what passed.

If she could only gain the shelter of that shadow! She was safe now; Clara was looking strangely on towards the pool, and she ran like a lap-wing across the bright patch, to the friendly shelter of the stones and watched. And this was what she saw. She saw her mistress go up to the Beetle Rock, and a man rise from the other side of it, as though he had lain on the ground there, waiting. They conversed together in low tones; he appeared to be urging, and she refusing something. She saw the glitter of jewels as Clara produced them from under her cloak, and offered them to him. She heard the chink of gold and the man's mocking laugh, as he thrust the gifts in his pocket. Then came more entreaty, more refusal, unless Clara would do something, she could not hear what.

She heard her mistress say:—"I cannot, you know I cannot," but no longer in the piteous tone of supplication she had used before, rather in one of scornful defiance, and as she spoke she stooped and picked up something at her feet.

Bretton could have screamed with horror, for it was one of the ragged pieces of rock which lay about the edge of the pool. The man was sitting on the edge of the rock with his face turned to the water, and he replied again with some mocking taunt to the young girl's words. Then, as Bretton declared in after years, the fiend seemed to take possession of her young lady, and she lifted the stone with both hands, and hurled it full at the man's head. With a short, sharp cry, he toppled forward, and sank into the fathomless depths of the dark waters of the pool.

Bretton could not move or speak; fear seemed to have stricken her dumb and turned her into stone; she could only watch, as if her whole soul were in her eyes, the proceedings of her mistress. Clara mounted upon the rock, and gazed down into the water as if prepared to strike again should her victim reappear. But no upturned face parted the surface of that still expanse, no heaving body broke its glassy mirror by so much as a ripple, and after what seemed a long time to the terrified watcher in the shadow, she came down.

"Gone!" she heard her say. "Quite gone this time; no more fear, no more anxiety now. If they should find him! Pshaw! When does the pool ever give up anything from its depths? I am safe, safe!"

She drew her hood tightly over her head, and as if seized with sudden terror, ran rapidly away without once stopping to look back. The wind had risen now, and the water was beginning to be disturbed. Strange howlings broke upon the ear of the terrified girl, who dare not stir till her mistress should be out of sight, as if Tregeagle were indeed astir, making night hideous with his howls and lamentations.

Bretton waited till Clara had crossed the unsheltered bit of moor and was safe within the shrubbery which bounded the Tantallon property on that side, and then she, too, pulled her cloak about her and ran. How she got over the ground her fright prevented her from knowing, but she had already reached the little gate, over which she must climb to get into the grounds. Then there rose from the ground, or shaped itself out of the air before her, the figure of a man. Where it came from she knew not, but it stood right in her way before the gate. The moon shone bright and clear at the moment, and she recoiled, in horror, for it was the Tantallon Ghost! She had never seen it, but she had heard all about it and knew every detail of its appearance. There it was, its face white, its eyes large and staring, with the "play-actor" costume and the flashing diamond ring.

Bretton knew it all. This was the last item in her cup of endurance, and throwing up her arms with a wild scream, she sank senseless on the rough, short grass of the moor. It seemed to her, as she lost herself, that the ghost echoed her scream with a mocking laugh, which the distant echoes took up and repeated, and said something which she could not catch, but this might be all part of a fainting fit, and she had never tainted before to her knowledge. And now a curious thing happened to Bretton. When she opened her eyes again she was conscious of being carried; for a moment she saw the sky and the scurrying clouds, and then the faint sickness overpowered her again and she knew nothing. Presently she felt herself set down and supported against something, and heard a slight [illegible] near her, but whence, she was too confused to tell. When she fairly opened her eyes again, once more able to think and to reason, she found she was close beside the very door at which she would have entered the house, her head supported upon the steps that led up to it.

Giddily she staggered to her feet and tried the door, it was only on the latch; Clara had not thought of bolts and bars, she entered and dragged herself to her room. Luckily for her she had one to herself, and she took off her things, letting them drop to the floor for very weariness and weakness.

"I must be up betimes in the morning," she said to herself, "no one must ever know but me."

She took up her clothes, and to her surprise, they were wet, the cloak especially, almost as if it had been dipped in water. It left a damp mark upon the floor where it had lain, and her hair, too, which had fallen down was almost dripping with water. She tried to recollect if she had been out in any rain, but she felt sure she had not; she remembered the moonlight shining upon the ghost as she looked at it, and the steps had appeared dry as she came into the house. She could not make it out, her head was aching dizzily and her brain whirling till she could scarcely stand. Her hands were burning, too, and a strange wildness seemed to be stealing over her.

"I mustn't be ill—I mustn't be ill," she muttered to herself, but even as she spoke she sank upon her bed, and everything seemed to go out of her aching head at once.

When Clara opened her eyes on the morning of her wedding day, it was to see Lady Alice and her second bridesmaid standing by her side with consternation on their faces.

"Well!" Lady Alice exclaimed, as the bride elect opened her eyes and looked up at them, "how any one can sleep with such an awful prospect before them I can't think."

"They say people sleep on the eve of being hanged," said the other girl, laughing.

And Clara turned restlessly on her pillow, as if the simile were unpleasant.

"If I had slept till noon it would not have been astonishing, after the visitation from you and your mamma," she said to Lady Alice. "But what brings you here so early; your part of the dressing business won't begin yet. What makes you pull such long faces. Has anything happened?"

The sorrow which possessed her as to what might have happened showed itself in her face, but the girls attributed it to fear for her betrothed.

"Well, nothing to make you look like that," they replied; "only Bretton is ill, and you'll have to put up with some one else's dressing, that's all, dear."

"Bretton ill?"

"Yes, raving mad, was the story brought to us, but the housekeeper has been up to her. She says it is a fever, and no one must go near her till the doctor comes."

"A fever? She was quite well last night."

"That's what they say, dear; and my maid says she was out in the night and caught a cold."

"Out in the night? Bretton! Impossible!"

Clara's face was turned away from her friends and hidden by the curtains. It was well it was so, that they might not see the change that came over it.

"Mamma says Saunders shall dress you, dear, if you don't mind," Lady Alice went on; "next to Bretton she is the best in the house."

"Saunders be it," said Clara, carelessly. "I am sorry about Bretton, but I shall hear all about it by and by. Send Saunders, will you, Alice? I will take my bath and then I will resign myself into your hands, girls."

They went away and Saunders appeared with the news that the doctor had been and pronounced that Bretton was in a high state of fever, but ailing nothing that was infectious; that her illness appeared to have been induced by cold and exposure.

"Cold and exposure! When?"

"In the night, they say miss," replied the girl. "It's pretty certain she was out, her clothes are all wet and a shoe of her's was found in the shrubbery this morning. We think she must have been on the moor."

"Why?"

"Because she raves so about the pool, and Tregeagle and——"

"Well?"

"About the ghost, miss—I think she saw it."

"What nonsense! Don't let me hear any more of it. Just tepid I like the bath, and those towels are too soft, reach the others."

And the maid, rebuked, held her peace, thinking that Bretton had a hard mistress, who cared very little for her well being.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## TRUTHFUL JAMES.

### A POEM.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

Illustrated by O. J. H.

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he re-constructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said his greatest fault
Was that he had been trespassing on Jones' family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Then Abneir Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass—at least to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age,
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
And the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus.

Sir Hugh remained awhile in the library with his friend the rector; only a little while, for he did not wish his absence to be noticed. Before he returned he begged a favor at Mr. Mervyn's hands.

"Anything I can do," that gentleman replied.

"I want you to make every possible enquiry about what you have told us, not as coming from me, but any other way you like; I must know whether that villain is alive or dead."

"My dear Pendarvis what an idea. You know the man is dead; you are strangely upset about this; may I not know the reason?"

"I cannot tell it even to you, old friend."

"I know you have some reason to dislike, or perhaps to fear him. Why do you seem to dread his being alive; what can it matter to you?"

"Shall I tell you Mervyn what the man's re-appearance now would bring me?"

"Do."

"Ruin! utter, absolute ruin! nothing less."

That his friend was speaking strongly, the rector firmly believed, but had he known all he might have thought differently; however, he promised to do as he was asked, and discover, if possible, how much of the ghost story was true and how much imagination. And so the brilliant ball drew to an end, and Clara, with recovered bloom and spirits, bade her guests adieu, and everybody said what a delightful evening it had been, and went away to begin to talk of the wonderful story of the ghost, which, despite Sir Hugh's care, had somehow or other got abroad among them. The day dawned bright and clear, and peaceful, as though there were no such things as sorrow and suffering in this nether world, but neither Clara nor her father could close an eye, for carking care lay with them on their sumptuous couches, and trembling dread haunted the gorgeous furnishings of their spacious chambers. Mr. Mervyn was early astir and began his enquiries only to be laughed at openly by some, secretly by all, of whom he enquired about Tom Blight.

"He living! Why he had been dead and buried these two years and more!" was all the answer he could get from any one.

For miles around he enquired till people began to think the usually sensible parson had gone a little wrong in his head, to make such persistent enquiries about a dead man. To add to the mystery, the widow Blight, who had been the cause of the report, died in the early morning, the girl who was with her declared, from the shock. She persisted in the story that it was her cousin Tom's ghost she had seen, but that he was "dressed like a play actor." She had declared that he had vanished while she was looking at him, but as her imagination began to run riot and rather inclined her to talk about flames and brimstone, not much could be made out of her narrative. One thing was rather odd, the widow had said her son gave her money; ghost or no ghost, the money was there, a hard packet of sovereigns under her pillow. But she had always been a strange woman, and other queer hoards were found in odd places, so the story went for nothing after all, and whatever had been seen was set down as part of the mystery which hung over Tantallon, and the tale presently died a natural death, as all tales do, sooner or later. The next spring was appointed for the wedding of Clara Pendarvis, a bright time, suiting a fair young bride.

Leicester Gwynne had been much at Tantallon during the autumn and winter, and each time had gone away more in love than ever. It had been arranged that after the honeymoon, which was spent abroad, they were to return to Tantallon for the winter, and then to go to a splendid new mansion in London, which was even now preparing for them. Leicester Gwynne was the guest of Mr. Mervyn on the eve of the wedding, which was to be celebrated in the little church on the Tantallon estate, and Clara sat among her bridesmaids, full of all the feminine fripperies proper to the occasion. There were to be six of them, all attired in a charming costume of tulle and May blossoms, a style which had cost the fair bride no small trouble to conceive, for like all belles of girls, they were of varying complexions, some fair, some dark, and some of that comfortable medium which any color suits neither well nor ill, but in a provoking mediocre sort of way that is very unsatisfactory.

Lady Alice, the principal, of course, was dark and stately, a fine contrast to the *petite* loveliness of her friend. She was examining some trinkets with a critical eye—bridesmaids lockets they were, in dear gold, with entwined cyphers of the bride and bridegroom in pearls, on a backing of blue enamel.

"Bad would have been better," she was saying. "Ruby red; it would have gone with our dresses better than blue," when there came a slight tap at the door.

"Come in," said Clara.

It was her maid, with a very puzzled face.

"Would you please come here a minute, miss," she said, "I want to speak to you?"

"Well, speak then?"

"If you please, miss, it was a message—that is—I mean—"

She glance at the busy girls, and Clara replied to her look.

"Oh, I see, a secret—excuse me, ladies, I wont be a minute."

"Well, what is it," she said sharply, "don't you see I am busy."

"I beg your pardon, miss, I'm sure, but it's a boy with a letter for you, and he wont give it to any one else."

"What nonsense! Go and fetch it at once."

"It's no use, miss—it is something particular. I was outside the little gate just now, and I saw a boy loitering about. I asked him what he was doing here, and he said:—'You are the young lady's own maid, ain't you?' I said 'Yes,' and asked 'what he wanted?' and he had the impudence to say he wanted you, and wouldn't give what he had for you to anyone else. He seemed in earnest, and I thought I had better let you know."

"Who is the boy?"

"It's young Trout, miss, the same one that ran away for fear of the ghost. He isn't a bit grown that I can see, though it's four years ago nearly, and he's as ugly as ever."

"Ah, well. I'll come down; where is he?"

"Outside, in the shrubbery, miss. I didn't bring him in because I didn't know what his errand might be."

"Oh, stuff, I have no secrets—but I'll see him; go down and open the door."

And the maid, listening and watching, saw Clara go out to the boy and take from him a note. The lad said something, and the girl saw her mistress' face grow pale in the moonlight, and her hand go up to her head in a dazed kind of way. Then she came into the lighted passage and opened the letter, her face growing ghastly pale as she read. The maid came forward, for she expected her to fall in a faint, but she stood firm

"It is nothing," she said, "I am tired, that's all—go out to the boy, he is waiting for an answer."

"Yes, miss."

"Tell him the answer is 'Yes,' nothing more."

"Very good, miss."

Clara watched her deliver the message, and the boy darted off again, and she went wearily up stairs. She had thrust the note in her bosom to read again, for she felt as though oppressed by some hideous nightmare, and could not realize what was before her. As she passed the door of the room where the girls were, still in full conclave over the morrow's finery, she stopped suddenly.

"They must have no suspicion," she said to herself, "for to-night, at least."

She controlled herself by a great effort, and looked in.

"I'll be down in a minute or two, girls," she said in her usual voice.

"Clara, darling, how white you are!" exclaimed Lady Alice. "What have you been doing?"

"Standing at the door, talking to this mysterious messenger," she replied; "the night air has made me feel cold. It was nothing, after all."

She went to her room, locked the door, and sitting down before the mirror, she read the note over and over again, till the words seem to burn themselves into her brain and glitter on the paper like words of fire.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" she murmured, rocking backwards and forwards in her misery. "I must surely be going mad, and this is some hideous dream. I must do this thing, and to-morrow—oh, Leicester—Liecester, what will be the end of it?"

She laid the paper on the dressing table and thought a while. After a time she rose, and there was a baleful glitter in her soft, blue eyes.

"I will do it!" she said bitterly. "I will obey the mandate I have received. I must—Heaven help me! Let what will come of it, I must!"

She took the paper in her hand again, and striking a match, she set fire to it, and watched it consume till nothing was left but black, flimy fragments.

"Gone!" she said, "not a shred left to tell tales—and now to make myself fit to see those girls. Poor souls, they little think that there may be no pageant to-morrow—that it may be all a mockery. Pshaw! What am I saying?—no wedding—there shall, if murder stands between me and my intentions!"

She sat resolutely down before her glass and looked at her face, and pushing aside, as she did so, a heap of trifles with which she had encumbered it; lady-like notes and odd trinkets, for she was by no means tidy.

"Pale," she said to herself, "ghastly, even to the lips, and dishevelled, too; this won't do."

She opened a locked box, and took out sundry bottles which it contained, and with the aid of a touch from one and another, she soon restored her bloom, though there was a feverish glance in her eyes that told of inward excitement. Then she rang for her maid.

"Bretton," she said, "clear all this up, and burn these notes; they are of no consequence, any of them."

Then she went down and Bretton proceeded with her task. She was a careful person and that she might not burn anything of consequence she read them all and criticised the writing, crests, etc. At length she came to one different looking from the rest; it was on coarse paper, and though in a good hand, was not the sort of note a young lady would be likely to receive on the eve of her marriage. The girl opened it gingerly, it had no address, and looked uncommonly like the note she had seen the boy give to her young mistress. She was right. In her whirl of wretched thought she had caught up another piece of paper and destroyed it. Bretton opened her eyes very wide at its contents; it had neither address nor signature, and was curious, to say the least of it.

"By the memory of all that is past, by the remembrance of what you have made me suffer, I command you to meet me before you stand at the altar to-morrow. I will be at the Beetle Rock at twelve o'clock to-night, and will wait an hour. If you fail me, I will

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## NOTICE.

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## NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

## To Correspondents.

P. F., Philadelphia, Pa.—1. The theatre you mention is on Walnut, between Eighth and Ninth streets, and is now known as Fox's American Theatre. 2. John Brougham, on Thursday evening, Nov. 13th, 1856, performed the "Stage Struck Irishman" at the Old Bowery Theatre, N. Y., commencing at 7½, and terminating at 7½ P. M., in company with 100 invited guests, then took stages for the Jersey Ferry, and started from Jersey City for Philadelphia at 7.52, arriving at the Kensington depot at 10 o'clock precisely. The party then took stages to the National Theatre, where the performances, consisting of a first class circus and a dramatic company, commenced at 7½, and terminated at 10½, with the "Maniac Lover." During the evening telegraphic dispatches were read to the audience, stating how far the company had proceeded. John Brougham played Powhattan in "Pocahontas," and the curtain rose for this performance at 10.30, and fell at 12 o'clock. The invited guests took supper at the Girard House, after which they returned to New York by special train.

JAMESTOWN.—In betting that a player makes the largest run, and has run it ended by another, in our opinion the better loses, for a tie has run it ended by another, in our opinion the better loses, for a tie is not admit of "largest," as stated in the terms of the bet. We presume that in some sporting circles, and in new known as Fox's Amposed that the party betting on the largest run takes the odds. We know

# BASE BALL.

## THE CINCINNATI CLUB RECORD FOR 1870.

The efficient captain of the Cincinnati Club nine—the Red Stockings—who is an able base ball statistician as well as a model manager of a nine—sends us the following record of the field operations of the Cincinnati Club for 1870, which will be perused with interest by all of our base ball readers:—

| Date. | Name. | Where From. | Where Played. | R. | O. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| April 22 | Eagle | Louisville, Ky. | Louisville | 54 | 7 |
| April 23 | Pelican | New Orleans, La. | New Orleans | 41 | 9 |
| April 25 | Mississippi | New Orleans, La. | New Orleans | 60 | 9 |
| April 26 | Atlantic | New Orleans, La. | New Orleans | 70 | 9 |
| April 27 | Crescent City | New Orleans, La. | New Orleans | 28 | 7 |
| April 28 | N. O. Lee | New Orleans, La. | New Orleans | 31 | 4 |
| May 4 | Olympic | Memphis, Tenn. | Memphis | 100 | 3 |
| May 12 | Forest City | Cleveland, Ohio. | Cincinnati | 18 | 3 |
| May 17 | Forest City | Cleveland, Ohio. | Cincinnati | 24 | 10 |
| May 18 | College Hill | College Hill, Ohio. | College Hill | 72 | 10 |
| May 20 | Clinton | Lexington, Ky. | Lexington | 66 | 3 |
| May 21 | Union | Urbana, Ohio | Urbana | 100 | 3 |
| May 23 | Dayton | Dayton, Ohio. | Dayton | 49 | 7 |
| May 24 | Pastime | Portsmouth, Ohio. | Cincinnati | 18 | 3 |
| May 25 | Forest City | Cleveland, Ohio. | Cincinnati | 27 | 12 |
| May 27 | Flour City | Rochester, N. Y. | Rochester | 24 | 5 |
| May 28 | Oswego | Oswego, N. Y. | Oswego | 46 | 8 |
| May 30 | Niagara | Niagara Falls, N. Y. | Niagara | 68 | 3 |
| May 31 | Harmonic | Boston, Mass. | Boston | 23 | 3 |
| June 6 | Lowell | Boston, Mass. | Boston | 17 | 4 |
| June 7 | Lowell | Lowell, Mass. | Lowell | 20 | 4 |
| June 8 | Worcester | Worcester, Mass. | Worcester | 17 | 13 |
| June 9 | Worcester | Worcester, Mass. | Worcester | 17 | 3 |
| June 13 | Mutual | New York city | Brooklyn | 15 | 3 |
| June 14 | Atlantic | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Brooklyn | 7 | 3 |
| June 15 | Union | New York | Morrisania | 14 | 9 |
| June 16 | Excelsior | Elizabeth, N. J. | Elizabeth | 29 | 7 |
| June 17 | Eckford | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Brooklyn | 26 | 7 |
| June 18 | Star | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Brooklyn | 18 | 11 |
| June 20 | Keystone | Newark, N. J. | Elizabeth | 53 | 3 |
| June 21 | Intrepid | Philadelphia | Philadelphia | 16 | 14 |
| June 22 | Athletic | Philadelphia | Philadelphia | 27 | 26 |
| June 23 | Keystone | Philadelphia | Philadelphia | 47 | 24 |
| June 24 | Baltimore | Baltimore | Baltimore | 30 | 3 |
| June 25 | Maryland | Baltimore | Baltimore | 30 | 13 |
| June 28 | National | Washington, D. C. | Washington | 33 | 24 |
| June 29 | Potomac | Washington, D. C. | Washington | 30 | 3 |
| June 30 | National | | Washington | 35 | 3 |
| July 1 | Forest City | Rockford, Ill. | Rockford | 14 | 12 |
| July 4 | Forest City | Rockford, Ill. | Rockford | 24 | 7 |
| July 9 | Amateur | Chicago, Ill. | Chicago | 36 | 19 |
| July 11 | Forest City | Rockford, Ill. | Rockford | 18 | 16 |
| July 12 | Kekionga | Fort Wayne, Ind. | Fort Wayne | 70 | 1 |
| July 13 | Eagle | Louisville, Ky. | Cincinnati | 29 | 8 |
| July 15 | Harvard | Boston, Mass. | Cincinnati | 20 | 17 |
| July 27 | Athletic | Philadelphia | Cincinnati | 17 | 11 |
| July 30 | Mutual | New York | Cincinnati | 15 | 13 |
| Aug. 2 | Maryland | Baltimore, Md. | Cincinnati | 23 | 9 |
| Aug. 3 | Lexington | Lexington, Ohio | Cincinnati | 66 | 6 |
| Aug. 5 | Indianapolis | Indianapolis Ill. | Cincinnati | 61 | 8 |
| Aug. 6 | Olympic | Washington, D. C. | Cincinnati | 36 | 3 |
| Aug. 8 | Haymaker | Troy, N. Y. | Cincinnati | 34 | 8 |
| Aug. 9 | Lone Star | New Orleans, La. | Cincinnati | 54 | 3 |
| Aug. 12 | Live Oak | Cincinnati, Ohio | Cincinnati | 46 | 2 |
| Aug. 13 | Amateur | Wash. C. H., Ohio | Washington | 72 | 6 |
| Aug. 20 | Riverside | Portsmouth, Ohio. | Portsmouth | 29 | 27 |
| Aug. 22 | Queen City | Cincinnati, Ohio | Cincinnati | 30 | 13 |
| Sept. 2 | Atlantic | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Cincinnati | 14 | 3 |
| Sept. 7 | Chicago | Chicago, Ill. | Cincinnati | 6 | 10 |
| Sept. 12 | Riverside | Portsmouth, Ohio. | Cincinnati | 13 | 1 |
| Sept. 13 | Resolute | Hamilton, Ohio | Hamilton | 40 | 3 |
| Sept. 21 | Dayton | Dayton, Ohio. | Dayton | 30 | 12 |
| Sept. 22 | Holt, Jr. | Newport, Ky | Cincinnati | 29 | 7 |
| Sept. 23 | Indianapolis | Indianapolis, Ill. | Indianapolis | 30 | 3 |
| Sept. 26 | Unions | St. Louis, Mo. | St. Louis | 23 | 1 |
| Sept. 27 | Empire | St. Louis, Mo. | St. Louis | 7 | 6 |
| Oct. 6 | Forest City | Cleveland, Ohio | Cincinnati | 18 | 15 |
| Oct. 7 | Chicago | Chicago, Ill. | Cincinnati | 13 | 13 |
| Oct. 15 | Forest City | Rockford, Ill. | Rockford | 5 | 12 |
| Oct. 20 | Atlantic | Philadelphia | Philadelphia | 14 | 5 |
| Oct. 24 | Haymaker | Troy, N. Y. | Troy | 12 | 1 |
| Oct. 25 | Mutual | New York city | Brooklyn | 7 | 1 |
| Oct. 26 | Atlantic | Brooklyn, N. Y. | Philadelphia | 7 | 11 |
| Nov. 2 | Mutual | New York City | Cincinnati | 23 | 8 |
| Nov. 5 | Forest City | Cleveland | Cincinnati | 27 | 16 |
| | *Professional. | | | | |

### PROFESSIONAL GAMES WON.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cincinnati | 12 | Forest City, of Cleveland | 2 |
| Cincinnati | 34 | Forest City, of Cleveland | 10 |
| Cincinnati | 28 | Riverside, of Portsmouth | 2 |
| Cincinnati | 27 | Forest City, of Cleveland | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 16 | Mutual, of New York | 5 |
| Cincinnati | 14 | Union, of Morrisania | 9 |
| Cincinnati | 24 | Eckford, of Brooklyn | 7 |
| Cincinnati | 37 | Athletic, of Philadelphia | 36 |
| Cincinnati | 57 | Keystone, of Philadelphia | 36 |
| Cincinnati | 30 | Maryland, of Baltimore | 15 |
| Cincinnati | 20 | Olympic, of Washington | 24 |
| Cincinnati | 30 | National, of Washington | 10 |
| Cincinnati | 14 | Forest City, of Rockford | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 34 | Forest City, of Rockford | 7 |
| Cincinnati | 17 | Forest City, of Rockford | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 15 | Mutual, New York | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 26 | Maryland, of Baltimore | 9 |
| Cincinnati | 38 | Olympic, of Washington | 3 |
| Cincinnati | 24 | Haymakers, of Troy | 11 |
| Cincinnati | 39 | Riverside, of Portsmouth | 27 |
| Cincinnati | 14 | Atlantic, of New York | 5 |
| Cincinnati | 13 | Riverside, of Portsmouth | 1 |
| Cincinnati | 18 | Forest City, of Cleveland | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 15 | Athletic, of Philadelphia | 5 |
| Cincinnati | 12 | "Haymakers," of Troy | 7 |
| Cincinnati | 7 | Mutual, of New York | 1 |
| Cincinnati | 23 | Mutual, of New York | 6 |
| Cincinnati | 27 | Forest City, of Cleveland | 16 |
| Total | 631 | Total | 350 |

### PROFESSIONAL GAMES LOST.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Cincinnati | 7 | Atlantic, of Brooklyn | 8 |
| Cincinnati | 7 | Athletic, of Philadelphia | 11 |
| Cincinnati | 4 | Chicago | 10 |
| Cincinnati | 13 | Chicago | 14 |
| Cincinnati | 5 | Forest City, of Rockford | 13 |
| Cincinnati | 7 | Atlantic, Brooklyn | 11 |
| Total | 43 | Total | 68 |

### BATTING AVERAGES.

| Players. | Games. | 1st B Hits. | Average. | Total Runs. | Average. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| G. Wright | 86 | 345 | 4-01 | 411 | 4-78 |
| Waterman | 73 | 286 | 3-87 | 414 | 5-75 |
| McVey | 71 | 262 | 3-65 | 369 | 5-40 |
| Leonard | 74 | 267 | 3-60 | 426 | 5-70 |
| Gould | 74 | 266 | 3-60 | 410 | 5-53 |
| H. Wright | 74 | 247 | 3-35 | 363 | 4-94 |
| Brainard | 68 | 217 | 3-19 | 294 | 4-17 |
| Deane | 73 | 233 | 3-17 | 307 | 4-23 |
| Allison | 69 | 173 | 2-46 | 345 | 4-97 |
| Atwater | 18 | 72 | 4-00 | 109 | 6-25 |
| Dean | 31 | 113 | 3-64 | 178 | 5-36 |

### PITCHING STATISTICS.

| Pitchers. | Innings. | Runs. | Bases on Balls. | Wild Balls. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Atwater | 97 | 39 | 11 | 0 |
| Brainard | 440 | 240 | 67 | 21 |
| H. Wright | 108 | 128 | 1 | 1 |

Atwater's average is 80-100ths or 1 run to an innings. Brainard's average is just one run to an innings, and Harry Wright's is one run and 20-100ths over.

### FIELDING AVERAGES.

| Players. | Total P. O. | Ass. | Assisted. | Ave. | Total Fly P. | P. C. on Catches. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sweasy, 2d b | 229 | 3-44 | 203 | 3-07 | 120 | 1-80 |
| G. Wright, ss | 127 | 2-11 | 162 | 2-46 | 105 | 1-75 |
| Gould, 1st b | 606 | 8-44 | 15 | 0-20 | 25 | 0-37 |
| Waterman, ss b | 61 | 1-16 | 127 | 2-40 | 90 | 1-70 |
| Allison, c | 363 | 4-13 | 41 | 0-49 | 243 | 2-91 |
| Brainard, p | 31 | 0-00 | 76 | 1-26 | 24 | 0-40 |
| Leonard, lf | 133 | 1-84 | 47 | 0-60 | 118 | 1-63 |
| H. Wright, cf | 95 | 1-19 | 51 | 0-63 | 91 | 1-14 |
| McVey, r f | 196 | 2-52 | 13 | 0-16 | 127 | 1-63 |
| Atwater, p | 7 | 0-10 | 17 | 1-21 | 7 | 0 |
| Dean, c f | 36 | 0-80 | 1 | 0-03 | 36 | 0 |

The third-base fielders increased their averages by playing in infield positions—Leonard at short field, Harry as pitcher and McVey as catcher. Atwater and Dean were substitutes.

### STATISTICS OF ERRORS.

| | First base by errors. | Catches Missed. | Passed Balls. | Total Errors. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Waterman | 67 | 21 | 9 | 97 |
| G. Wright | 58 | 7 | 0 | 65 |
| Sweasy | 54 | 6 | 0 | 60 |
| Allison | 10 | 18 | 80 | 98 |
| McVey | 8 | 24 | 19 | 51 |
| Gould | 60 | 9 | 0 | 69 |
| Leonard | 13 | 18 | 0 | 31 |
| Brainard | 9 | 10 | 0 | 19 |
| Deane | 0 | 13 | 0 | 13 |
| Atwater | 3 | 3 | 0 | 7 |

## A NEW NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

For the past two years there has been a growing dissatisfaction with the manner in which the old National Association Convention has been manipulated and controlled by a clique of professional club managers, and about a month ago this feeling culminated in the inauguration of a movement for the organization of a new National Association, which should be controlled entirely by amateur clubs. Last year the veteran Knickerbocker Club, of New York, officially withdrew from the old National Association, and the Excelsiors, of Brooklyn, another influential amateur club, have practically followed the example of the parent club; and now both have combined together to establish a National Association of Base Ball Players which will repudiate every phase of professional base ball playing. It only needed just such a condition of things as now exists, and just such proceedings as marked the last convention, to give an impetus to the new movement well calculated to lead to the successful establishment of a national association of amateur players likely to be a permanent institution, and one creditable to the fraternity. At the late convention we had present to us the singular fact of delegates from *four professional* clubs, viz.:—the Mutuals, Chicago, White Stockings, Athletics and Haymakers, entirely controlling the legislative proceedings which are supposed to govern between six and seven hundred amateur clubs; and, moreover, these four professional clubs, aided by their satellites, voted down a resolution which was demanded by the State Associations of New Jersey, Massachusetts, Missouri, the District of Columbia and the National, Star, Alpha and Pastime club delegates of New York. Had there been nothing but this convention to induce the much needed reconstruction of the National Association, the fact that such an abuse of power and such an arbitrary control exhibited by a small minority over a large majority, would have amply sufficed. But the evil has been growing since 1867, for since that year tactics have been brought to bear to secure the control of the legislation of the National Association, the culminating point having been reached on the 30th of November last.

The time having arrived for action, the work of organizing a new association is to be commenced at once, and the ensuing week will see the inaugural meeting held for the purpose of organizing a National Association of Amateur Base Ball Players, with a constitution and a code of playing rules which will repudiate every phase of the system of playing base ball for money. It does not follow, of course, that because the amateur class of the fraternity desire to have an association of their own, that there should be any antagonism between the two classes. On the contrary, it would be advisable that the professional clubs should retain possession of the Association they have controlled for the past three years, and thereby have in their hands an organization by which they can, in a measure, remove many of the evils connected with the professional system of ball playing; such as putting a stop to "revolving," and punishing fraudulent losing of games, the latter of which has been practised to an extent of late years few have been aware of. Unluckily it has been so well disguised as to defy the detection which followed the Wansley fraud, but it has been done, nevertheless. This stigma upon the name of professionals, the parties controlling the old association can remove if they will. At any rate, now that they have an organization of their own, they will have the power to do it, and the public who patronize professional games will hold the leaders too an accountability if they do not.

The new organization will, of course, be received with open arms by amateur clubs generally; and one of the results of its establishment will be a great re-action among the amateur fraternity throughout the land. The testimony of the amateur delegates at the last convention, who were faithful to the interests of the class they represented, was conclusive as to the baneful effects of professionalism in country districts in destroying all interest in amateur organizations. Messrs. Canfield and Sheard, the able delegates of the Nationals, of Albany, and the Pastimes, of Little Falls, declared that from a list of forty odd clubs which had once existed in the western section of their state, the list had dwindled down to so few that they knew of but three or four clubs now in existence. Mr. Page, another of the New York delegates, stated that his club had been defunct for two years, the result of a loss of interest in the game, caused by the existing condition of things. The Missouri delegate represented ten amateur clubs; the Connecticut delegates representing eleven more, and, in fact, those of all localities having amateur clubs, testified to the same effect, and all referred to the necessity of something being done to save the game from its present down-hill course to destruction. In view of these facts it is not necessary to urge upon the gentlemen having the organization of the new association in their hands to facilitate the movement as much as possible. Countenanced by such gentlemen as Gen. Dakin, of the Excelsior Club; Jas. Whyte Davis, of the Knickerbockers; G. H. Aibre, of the Unions; Judge Van Cott, of the Gothams; Messrs. Rixby and Mott, of the Eagles; Hosford and others, of the Empires; Richards, of the Olympics, of Philadelphia; Gorman, of Washington; Lowell, of Boston; Hubbell, of Hartford, and a host of others, desirous of seeing the old status of things restored and the game played once more in its integrity, the new association cannot help but be the cause of a great reaction among amateur players.

THE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION COMMITTEES.—The following are the standing committees appointed by Mr. Waugh, the newly elected president of the National Association of Junior Base Ball Players:—

*Judiciary.*—Jas. J. Connelly, Union Star, N. Y.; Alexander, W. G. Courtney, Memphis; Worcester, Mass.; J. H. Post, Athletic, Newark, N. J.; Gen. A. Wilcox, Montauk, N. Y.; A. Twiting, Union, Bergen, N. J.; Ed. Hagan, Unity, N. Y.; V. G. Grundy, Excelsior, Long Island, N. Y.; F. A. Whitney, Friendship, N. Y.; W. C. Truesdell, Vesta, Long Island; Bailey, Brooklyn; M. Gallagher, Alpha, N. Y.; Ed. Murray, Independent, Troy.

*Rules.*—Jas. Mulhearn, Flirt, Jr., N. Y.; L. C. Marshall, Osceola, Lynn, Mass.; S. C. Squires, Warren, R. I.; W. G. Hasbrouck, Namakan, Peekskill; George Raley, Hudson, Hudson City, N. J.

*Constitution.*—Jos. Donahue, Silver Star, N. Y.; F. P. Mayer, Star, Long Island; Jos. Lamb, Budeke, N. Y.; Elvin Crane, Irvington, Irvington, N. J.; J. Pelkney, Adelphi, Jersey City, N. J.

*Protests.*—John McDonald, Osceola, Jersey City, N. J.; W. J. Conklin, Waverley, Flushing; Charles Clarke, Pioneer, Troy; Henry Hughes, Jr., Keystone, N. Y.; G. W. Annese, Star, N. J.; Philip Komiskey, Sylvan, N. Y.

*Finance.*—Louis J. Grant, Arlington, N. Y.; W. H. Cheeseborough, Rec. Secy. Chelsea, Brooklyn; P. A. O'Donnell, Treasurer, Flyaway, N. Y.

*Officers' Addresses.*—President, A. Waugh, Jr., 294 Ninth avenue, N. Y.; Hon. Secy., W. H. Cheeseborough, 212 Wilson street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gen. Secy., E. W. Pearson, 12 North 24 st., Troy, N. Y.; Treasurer, P. A. O'Donnell, 220 Ed avenue, N. Y. city.

A meeting of the Judiciary of the National Association Junior Base Ball Players will be held on Friday, Dec. 9th, 1870, at 8 P. M., in Tammany, New York city, to consider charges of Fly Aways, of New York, vs. Putnams, of Troy.

THE RED STOCKINGS.—While the question as to whether the Cincinnati club is to employ a professional nine may be considered as still open, says our Cincinnati correspondent, it is now certain that the famous Red Stocking nine is dissolved, probably forever. Sweasy and Leonard have engaged with the new Indianapolis nine; George and Harry Wright have joined the Boston nine, at a salary of $2,500 per annum each, and Gould will probably go with them; while Waterman, Brainard, Allison, McVey and probably Dean, will go in a body to Washington. On Tuesday, Dec. 6th, the meeting of the club is to be held, and the question of having professionals will then be settled.

Five players have so far been engaged for the new Indianapolis nine, viz:—Sweasy and Leonard, of the Reds; Pratt and Allison, from Cleveland, and Doyle, of the Rockfords.

SILVER STAR VS. HUDSON.—These clubs were opponents in a match played at Hunter's Point, L. I., on Dec. 1st, the score of which, by innings, was as follows:—

| | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Silver Star | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 11 |
| Hudson | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 |

Umpire—F. A. O'Donnell, Flyaway B. B. C. Scorers—Messrs. Buchanan and Booker.

At the annual meeting of the Silver Stars, on Dec. 1st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Alex. Waugh, President; G. Furroy, Vice President; Thos. Crane, Secretary; Thos. Murray, Treasurer; F. Lepont, Sergeant-at-Arms.

WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—The first game under the new rules was played within forty hours after their adoption by the above association, on Friday, the 2d inst., at Gloucester, N. J., under the Captaincy of two of Pennsylvania's delegates. Stiles batted the one-ounce rubber ball all over the field, as the appended score will attest, although each side being short handed in the field assisted the heavy scores. One of the batting side officiated as catcher. The fielding honors were carried off by Wetzel, Hayhurst, and Styles, on one side, and Rogers, Bell and Cox on the other. We append the score by innings:—

| | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Wetzell | 3 | 7 | 11 | 2 | 3 | 13 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 47 |
| Rogers | 4 | 7 | 7 | 3 | 5 | 11 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 41 |

Umpire—E. E. Hallah, Jr.

ELECTION.—At an election of the Clipper club, of Albany, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—President, S. P. Vanderbilt; Vice President, J. J. Walsh; Recording Secretary, Chas. H. Healey; Corresponding Secretary, J. Roach; Treasurer, G. Taylor; Directors, James Walsh, Wm. Ryan and G. Taylor. C. A. Healey, Wm. Ryan, R. Preut, James Walsh and G. Crone were appointed a committee to select a nine for the coming season. The club is to appear in a new uniform next season.

NOTICE TO AMATEUR CLUBS.—All clubs desirous of joining an Amateur National Association will send their names and address of Secretaries addressed to Secretary of the Amateur National Association, care of Alonzo Slote, 120 Fulton street, New York.

THE RESOLUTE CLUB.—Mr. Ritter has sent us the averages of this Elizabeth, N. J., club, without the statistics of bases on hits. As this is the only criterion of batting, we trust he will send us the full particulars.

PROPOSED TYNE REGATTA.—A movement is on foot having in view the re-establishment of the Tyne regatta at Newcastle, Eng. It has been determined to form an executive committee composed of representatives of the amateur rowing clubs of the Tyne, who will at once set on foot subscriptions for prizes. It is anticipated that about £200 will be required. There will be races for both amateurs and professionals, and it is at present intended that the regatta shall take place in the first week of June next.

GRAMERCY BOAT CLUB.—An election for officers of this club was held a few evenings since, at which the following officers were chosen:—E. S. Atkinson, President; S. Augustus Shute, Vice President; Charles R. Brinkerhoff, Secretary; James H. Clinch, Treasurer; H. M. Hourie, Captain; Charles T. Kimbark, Lieutenant.


# AMUSEMENTS.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE,**
Corner Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue.
Re-appearance of the Famous Grotesque
MONS. AJAX
and
MLLE. ROSE
Fourth Week of the Great Hit
LES BRIGANDS.
FIORELLA—Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday Matinee.
FIORELLA—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday eve
CELINE MONTALAND
nings
LEA SILLY
FRAGOLETTO—Every evening, except Wednesday,
ELISE PERSINI
FRAGOLETTO—Wednesday evening and Saturday Matinee.
SUZANNE THAL
In rehearsal:—LA PRINCESSE DE TREBIZONDE.
The celebrated Parisian Actress and Cantatrice
MLLE. AIMEE,
is now en route to New York, and will shortly appear. 36-1t

**WALLACK'S.**
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. LESTER WALLACK.
MONDAY, DECEMBER 5,
last time,
THE ROAD TO RUIN.
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6,
last time,
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
ON
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7,
will be produced,
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN AMERICA,
with entirely new scenery and appointments,
A COMEDY,
A COMEDY,
A COMEDY,
in four acts,
BY J. ALBERRY, ESQ.,
entitled
COQUETTES.
36-1t

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**
Lessee and Manager.....JAMES E. HAYES.
Business Manager.....DAN SYMONS.
THE TENTH WEEK OF
UNPARALLED POPULARITY.
MR. GEO. L. FOX'S BEST
PANTOMIME,
WEE WILLIE WINKIE,
with its endless
FUNNY TRICKS, FUNNY EFFECTS.
FUNNY DOINGS, FUNNY CARICATURES.
THE CLOWN OF THE PERIOD, G. L. FOX,
BRILLIANT BURLESQUINADE
and
SPLENDID TRANSFORMATIONS.
JENNIE YEAMANS, The Blonde of the Period.
EVERY EVENING AND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES AT 2, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
To avoid the Rush at the Doors seats should be secured in advance for both Evenings and Matinees. 36-1t

**BRYANT'S**
NEW OPERA HOUSE, 22d STREET,
22d ST. Between 8th and 7th avenues. 22d ST.
GENUINE HIT. BRILLIANT SUCCESS OF THE NEW
PALACE OF MINSTRELSY.
First appearance of the great Ethiopian comedian, Mr. J. W. McANDREWS, THOS. SULLY, the champion song and dance artist.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. DAN BRYANT, DAVE REED,
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. NELSE SEYMOUR, LITTLE MAC,
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. W. H. BROCKWAY, GEO. WARREN.

**LINA EDWIN'S THEATRE,**
72 BROADWAY.
CROWDED HOUSES—BRILLIANT SUCCESS.
EVERY EVENING AT 8. SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2.
GREAT HIT
OF
LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD
THE MOST
ELEGANT
SPECTACULAR
BURLESQUE
EVER
PRESENTED,
WITH THE
BEST BURLESQUE COMPANY
IN EXISTENCE.
SEATS SECURED ONE WEEK IN ADVANCE.
PERFORMANCE COMMENCES WITH THE
EVER POPULAR
ROMEO JAFFIER JENKINS. 36-1t

**NIBLO'S GARDEN.**
LAST FOUR NIGHTS
OF THE
GRAND SHAKESPEAREAN COMBINATION
MR. E. L. DAVENPORT,
MR. WALTER MONTGOMERY,
MR. MARK SMITH,
MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS,
MADAME PONISI.
TUESDAY EVENING, BY PARTICULAR REQUEST,
AS YOU LIKE IT.
WEDNESDAY—
LADY OF LYONS.
THURSDAY—
BENEFIT OF WALTER MONTGOMERY,
ROMEO AND JULIET.
In consequence of the elaborate rehearsals necessary for the production on Monday Evening next of the BLACK CROOK,
NIBLO'S GARDEN WILL BE CLOSED ON
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS.

**TONY PASTOR'S**
OPERA HOUSE, 201 BOWERY.
The champion Song and Dance artist of the world,
ANDY McKEE.
ANDY McKEE.
The daring Gymnast,
WALLA LEONARD.
The great
ELLA WESNER
in her Character Songs and Lightning Changes.
A new and Powerful Drama on current events,
entitled
THE SIEGE OF PARIS; OR
FRANCE IN 1870.
TONY PASTOR AND THE DOUBLE COMPANY.
GRAND MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 36-1t

**BOWERY THEATRE.**
GREATEST SENSATION OF THE TIMES.
Second week of Mr. Charles Foster's drama of
NECK AND NECK;
NECK AND NECK;
Or,
THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE.
THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE.
The press and public declare it a
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.
The startling sensation of an
EXECUTION ON THE GALLOWS,
And
THE GREAT RAILROAD SCENE,
surpassing in dramatic effect anything ever before produced on the stage.
DOUBLE SONG AND DANCE.....by.....TURNER & LESTER
YANKEE JACK;
Or,
THE BUCCANEERS OF THE GULF. 1t

**A VARIETY OR MINSTREL**
TROUPE can engage a VIOLINIST who plays BRASS, and would take comedy parts and sing.
36-1t Address OVERTURE, care of CLIPPER OFFICE.

**NEW YORK CIRCUS.**
L. BALENT.....DIRECTOR.
GREAT SUCCESS
OF
CHARLES FIRE,
THE CHALLENGE
BARE BACK
SOMERSAULT
RIDER.
GRACEFUL,
DARING
AND
ACCOMPLISHED,
IN EXTRAORDINARY
SOMERSAULT FEATS ON
A BARE BACK
HORSE,
AND IN
THE RATTOUTE LEAPS,
ALL THE GIFTED ARTISTE. 36-1t

**AT WOOD'S MUSEUM.**
THE HIT OF THE SEASON.
CROWDED HOUSES DELIGHTED AUDIENCES
nightly greet the famous
LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE
LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE
in the companion burlesque in popularity to "Ixion,"
PARIS. PARIS.
Supported by the following:—Miss Minnie Walton, Miss Alice Atherton, Miss Ellen Weatherby, Miss Jessie Arnott,
Miss Theresa Wood, Miss Annie Fernie,
Miss Lillie Hall, Miss Emma Hooker,
Mr. Harry Beckett, Mr. Willie Edwin, Mr. W. R. Cahill.
The splendid music composed and arranged by Michael Connolly.
Together with nearly one hundred
MATINEE PERFORMANCES
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
COMEDY, MUSICAL OLIO, FARCE.
Last week of the LYSTER COMIC OPERA TROUPE.
Seats secured two weeks in advance. 36-1t

**GLOBE THEATRE,**
728 BROADWAY.
First appearance of the following Stars:—
ASHCROFT AND MORTON. ASHCROFT AND MORTON.
MISS JENNIE BENSON.
CHS. AND CARRY AUSTIN. CHS. AND CARRY AUSTIN.
THE WILSON BROTHERS (three in number.)
J. H. Milburn will introduce two new songs, Moonlight Walk, a new Lady's Song and Dancing Barber.
Harrigan and Hickey, in their original sketch entitled
"THE MULLANEY TWINS."
John Hart in three very laughable Negro Sketches.
Add Ryman in Lee laughable sketch, "HOME IN A FIX."
Master Barney in his Original Dutch Songs.
GRAND BALLET OF FIFTY YOUNG LADIES.
Mlle. Devere, Mlle. Bertha, Miss S. Maddox, Miss J. Sanford and
FIFTY YOUNG LADIES.
The entertainment will conclude with a new farce in two scenes, entitled A MORNING WITH JUDGE DOWLING; OR, SCENES AT THE TOMBS, a life-like picture of the Court of Sessions.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. 36-1t

**THEATRE COMIQUE,**
514 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE ST. NICHOLAS.
BUTLER & GILMORE.....MANAGERS.
MONS. LA THORNE.....Stage Manager.
NEW AND IMPOSING FEATURES.
IMPORTANT ADDITIONS TO THE GREAT STAR TROUPE.
MR. SIDNEY FRANCISCUS and ALLFORD, MR. CHARLES THATCHER, MR. J. C. KENNEY.
THE WONDERFUL SINGRIST FAMILY.
THE GRAND BALLET TROUPE
in the Parisian Pantomime, entitled
LA CLOSERIE DE LILAS.
Low Rattler, Charley White, Geo. Cone, S. C. Stewart, Jas. Wambold, Billy Hart, Pankhurst and Collins.
SPIRIT FABLES, THE TWO ROSES.
OPERATIC, COMIC AND BURLESQUE SONGS.
GRACEFUL GYMNASTICS, SENSATIONAL GEMS, A SHORT
JOB, OTHELLO, ALWAYS IN TROUBLE.
Ethiopian Entertainments, Extravaganzas.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON. 36-1t

**SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,**
728 BROADWAY.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. IMMENSE
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS. SUCCESS.
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
OUR OWN NEGRO MINSTRELS.
They will wake up a response in
MY HEART THAT DELIGHTS ME. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
ENTIRE CHANGE EVERY WEEK. LET ME BE.
EVERYTHING NEW AND FRESH.
LET ME BE.
DELIGHTFUL SINGING. GLORIOUS FUN.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE. LET ME BE. 1t

**FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.**
MONDAY, DEC. 5th, and SATURDAY MATINEE, DEC. 10th.
FERNANDE (last time).
TUESDAY, DEC. 6—HEIR AT LAW.
NEW and WEDNESDAY, DEC. 7—FERNANDE (last time).
OLD. THURSDAY, DEC. 8—THE HUNCHBACK.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, DEC. 9 and 10,
LONDON ASSURANCE.
NEXT WEEK—TWELFTH NIGHT.
An active rehearsal—SARATOGA. 36-1t

**KELLY & LEON'S**
MINSTRELS
will leave New York on a short provincial tour commencing
MONDAY, DEC. 26th,
and return after the holidays. During their trip they will perform the great Knoelson Concert, which so delighted Miss Nilsson herself; also their burlesque operas of "Babies of the Period," "Le Petit Faust," "Rose de Saint Fleur," &c.
"PRINCESS TREBIZOND" will be the opening opera in New York. 36-1t*

**MISS OLIVE LOGAN,**
AT STEINWAY HALL,
WEDNESDAY
EVENING,
DEC. 7th,
with
her
CHEERFUL
AND SUNNY NEW LECTURE,
"THE BRIGHT SIDE." 36-1t*

**BROOKLYN OPERA HOUSE,**
JUNCTION OF FULTON AND FLATBUSH AVENUES.
SUCCESS UNPRECEDENTED. 12TH WEEK OF
WELCH, HUGHES AND WHITE'S
BROOKLYN MINSTRELS.
SECOND WEEK OF THE DUTCH COMEDIAN,
D. L. MORRIS.
Who will appear in his new and original sketch entitled
DUTCHMAN'S DOG AND GUN,
AND THE REVIEW OF THE ARMY.
GEORGE AND WILLIE GUY, and H. BOOKER,
IN A TRIPPLE CLOG DANCE.
EPH HORN
In the burlesque of THE STRANGER.
J. A. McCARTON AND J. HARRIS
IN NEW SPECIALTIES.
FAYETTE WELCH, ARCHY HUGHES and COOL WHITE,
Will appear in a laughable act, entitled
KEEP YOUR EYE OPEN, DICK.
CHRISTMAS MATINEE—MONDAY, DEC. 26TH. 36-1t*

**HOOLEY'S, BROOKLYN.**
THE PIONEERS OF BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.
ESTABLISHED IN 1863.
THE FAVORITE RESORT FOR YOUNG AND OLD,
COMEDIANS, 5 COMEDIANS.
JOHN MULLIGAN, BILLY RICE, BILLY SHEPPARD, G. W. H. GRIFFIN, UNSWORTH AND EUGENE.
An unapproachable vocal QUARTETTE AND ORCHESTRA.
Standing on the Platform, Song and Dance,
Lawyer and His Clerk, Let Me Be,
Knock Me Down, Operatic Difficulties,
Black Demosthenes, Theatre in an Uproar.
C. Henry, J. A. Basquin, C. Nichols, Schwicardi, Corrie, Mullaly, Withers, Hinchcliff, Trunkett, Ali and Trigg.
NOTICE.—A great sensation piece will shortly be produced. 36-1t

MADAME
VICTORELLI
JOHN WILLIAM
VICTORELLI
ARTISTES GYMNASTIQUE.
36-1t* LOWELL & SIMMONDS.

**REPLY TO**
**CHARLIE AUSTIN'S CARD.**
TO THE PROFESSION AND PUBLIC GENERALLY.
In answer to the above individual's CARD which appeared in last week's CLIPPER, I will simply say that the statements made by Austin are FALSE IN EVERY PARTICULAR. The party I represent was organized for four (4) weeks only. Having been deceived as to Austin's reputation, his name was used as one of the partners, and he received an equal share of the proceeds weekly. He agreed to furnish drums, cymbals, &c., all the effects of a DEFUNCT company, but furnished nothing. His father told Mr. Huntley and myself he would not trust his son with the above mentioned articles, and in order to get them a friend of mine went security for them. At the end of four weeks I stated to the party, or rather its proprietors, that we could go no farther unless his (Austin's) name was taken off the bills, as a member of the firm. My reasons for making this statement were because he had such a doubtful reputation in some towns

## "YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF!"

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HURWOOD.

De odder night I gone me ond
To dake a bromenade,
Along mit my Lowesen dear,
Uni we trinks some lemonade.
I dold her dot I don'd vast like
Dot man, mit an ugly phiz,
Yet she always vas a virding mit—
Vell, you know how yourself it is!

I speods my schillings upon dot gal,
Uni dakes her out to balls,
So I likes me nix to find dot man
Most effery dime I calls.
I don'd dest shealous, or dings like dot,
Or call on his gal, Liz;
Bud I'd like to bunch his head vust vonce—
Vell, you know how yourself it is!

Von day I met dot recoder ond,
Uni dold him dot he must
Schtay vrom Lowesen always avay,
Or his rugle I vould bust!
He say him nix, bud in my ear
He bunched dot fist of his,
So I makes no more obsections—
Vell, you know how yourself it is!

## "OUD ON DER FLY."—NO. 11.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

Be Jeeminy Belds, old feller, here ve are again, rigbd on der end of a nudder mondt. Id's most New Year's again—I shwan if id aind. How dime gods alonz—vy, id vas oney der oder day dot ve vas going round togeder makin New Years' calls. I recommember ven I vas a youngsder in der old coundry, my old crandmoder, vat's ded und gone, she used always say:—"Oofty, ven you got someding to done, my shild, always go und done id—dook dime by her beforelock." Dem vas old dimes—dot vas all veil enuff for dem dimes, bud, Sharley, dis is a age of shdeam—efferyding goes fast, even dot vadch dot you got in your bocked. Und Old Farder Dime—der old Frankell, he goes fasder dan he use to. I suess may be he's got he's second vind. Dalk bound dooking him by his beforelock; don't all moonshineyness—a feller vood had to nad on a pair of barlor shkades to efen cadch a hold of der old gendleman's vaterfall. Dime does fly, und no misdake—ven you gid up on Monday morning you don'd hafe hardly dime to said "Shtonejack Vallson" before id's Saturday nighd.

Dis is der blace vere der "Poard of Suberwisors" meed, und dis blace dot's held some dime or oder all of der shmard men of der bresend dime. Der new Poard is gumbesed of der Mayor, der Regorder und der memsers of der Poard of Aldermens. Der old poard vas der poard, Sharley, und dot vas made up of der roldest men in all bardies, Demograds und Rebupli cans—men dot vas a bonor to der coundry, der shdade und der coundry. I often use to vent in und sot down und hadened to dem men dalk und vonder to myself how der doose dot vas dot dey could know so much (dis vas ven I vas a goot deal younger as I am) und I use to like to hear der Boss, Misder Tweed, dalk. I dink, Sharley, mitoud any oxcesbions he is der bead bisaness man I efer saw in my life. He can god drough bisaness enuff in von day to sot four or fife men gray. Den der vas Blunt, und Purdy, und Billy Connor und a hole lod oders. Efery von of dem shdars, und id vas adding a big salary. Now I go in dere und I vonder how der dooce dot is dot dey can know so liddle (I'm older now dan I use to vas bound fordy years ago). Der poard of to day aind der poard of der oder day. Oh, no, dese fellers mit a few oxcebshions are Shoodies, und ven you took dem abart der aind much droupse gidding dem to-gedder agin.

Dey'm all goot fellers, mind you. I aind saying anything against dem as men or goot citizens, bud deir is a few of dem dot don't know any more as der Mayor vas a man to know. Dey may all hafe brains bud dere is some of dem dot voon'd nefer die mit a rush of brains to deir heads. Buplic men are buplic broberty und ve hafe god a berfect right to dalk boud dem how ve blease so long dot ve don'd say anyding vicked of dem. Ve can crickedise deir acding just der same dot ve can any oder acdors, und ve hafe just so much right to hiss ven dey acd wrong as ve hafe to abblaud ven dey acd righd. Bersonally efery memper of der Board I'm friendly mit, bud dot's all I should say dot oder city voodn'd loose anyding of von or dwo of dem shood fall in a sewer some n ghd und forgot to gid oud agin dey musdn'd dink dot I'm bredjudiced—I'm oney shbeaking vat I honestly dink. Ve vill lay round here for a vile und I vill boind oud some of der beoples round der blace und bosd you ub on dem. I vill dell you oney vat I dink und no von need be afraid dot I'm going to say anyding bad bound any von. I neier yed dold you anyding bad bound anypody—cause I don'd peieef in id—and you can bed your boddom dollar dot I aind going to do in now neider.

Dis gendleman sidding ad dot desk mit dot Napoleon musdash and imberial—wriding mid he's fired finger sbdicking righd smaraighd oud ofer der ben—is Major Joseph B. Young, der Glerk of der Poard, und von of der finest gendlemen in der new courd house. He has peen der Glerk of der Poard of Suberwisors efer since deir organisashion, und during der hole dime dot he has peen here I nefer heard von say anyding against him. Every von dot has efer had any bisaness to ransack mit him always shbeaks high boud him, und dey coodn'd do oderwise. Major Young vas Major in der Sefend Regimend, und some dime since y der officers of der Regimend bresended him mit a maggvificend set of revolushions delling how vot a nice feller he vas und how much dey dinked of him. Der Major is a memper of Der Amerigus Glup, und dot of idself is a recommendashion enuf to send a man to Heafen. He feels ub in Ford Vashingdon, und aldough he hasn'd been ub dere a grade vile efery von likes him, und he vill be bymeby von of der mosd bopularead men in der biace. He is very nicely siduated, und dakes der vorld so easy as he can, und enjoys himself as he vents along. Of you vill somedime vent mit me to he's house I bed you dot he vill use you like a brince.

You see dot feller ofer dere by der vinder bicking he's doot mit a gold doothick mit a diamond in der dop of id? Vell, dot's Sharley Hall, der Secredary of der Amerigus Glup und von of der glerks of Judge Hogan's Courd. Sharley is a gay boy, und of he oney had boud a million of dollars he vood "send der old ding bang ub." As dot is he sends id ub so fur as he can gid id und vatefer he gids is of der bead gwalldy. Of he can'd gid dot he vill go mitoud any. Sharley is a old dimer und has been on der bafement of der Sefend Vard und vas a very sodife und offishious offisial. Of dere is any von ding more dan a nudder dot Sharley dinks of id's der Amerigus Glup—dot's he's hole shdudy, und of anyding is to be done Sharley is der von dot is der bissy von of der bardy. He is a very waluable memper und if dere is a new kind of bie or budding to be made or a new uniform or cab to be incroduced you can go un shwore dot Sharley Hall has had nod oney a finger, but he's hole fisted. Sharley has a goot idea und is as liperal as he can be—he shpends a grade deal of money, and he's hand is always in he's bocked of anyding is vanted. He is a goot friend und der boys all like him. Ven he dies he vill go to Greenvich.

Here is von of der young men dot has succeeded in doing boody vell—dis is Cornelius Corson, Esq., und he is von of der solid men. A goot many years ago him und me ve use to blay horse togedder, und dere vas always a grow'd man to ride. He always vanted to be der von to handle der reins, so did I. Der oney vay ve seddled id vas to gid some oder feller to be der horse und ve vood dook duns in drifing der shduffing oud of him. He is der same now, be always vants der reins und he has god dem doo. Corson is a very fine man und nas made he's mark. He vas connected mit der *Express* for a vile, und is now inderessed in der *Daily Transcript*. He is a good vrind. I has traided miles of rawhide mit Corson. He is a very waluable berson, und is now "Shief of der Bureau of Elecshions." Efery vinter he is in Albany ven der legislature is in session, und ub dere he knows efery robe in der shib. Of any dime you vant to god bosded in der vays of doing bisaness up dere go und talk to Misder Corson, und of you can convince him dot id is a goot ding he may nod oney show you how to do it bud jumb in und helb you a leedle himself.

DO BEEN CONDINUED.

## "LOAF," A BROKEN DUTCH ESSAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARK QUENCHER.

Loaf is one of der mosd blessanded infendions of der age. Id is one of dose dings vich makes life more inderesding, und makes oins a gwide enchoyaote und sadisfaodory. Id is a grea! misder. Efen der oil boed coodent make id ead himself, as vill been seen by a references do his famous gonondrum, "Vad a dings is loaf" vich he v s combelled do gif id ub righd off. Of loaf—like pure gold vaddles—dere is many a kinds. Der mosd eggnading kind is dot vich a young persons of gwide dufferend sexes holds for von each oder. Dot is berfeodly ferocious some dimes, and id? I vonce knowed me a young unsolsdigaded feller vat losed himself on a young womans, und der vay dot boor feller suffered vas eggsdremely heart-brokin. From sading four shquare meals a day, he comed down to a fery shmall one meal, vich consisded of a shlighd assault on a piece of d-licade nusdard, und a leedle chogolade, being dodally unopserving of der beadeads, und casding looks of disdain ubon der roasds und fraes, und almosed finding ad sighd of der cholly hunks of grub vich I ended.

He used to cry himself ou t her names ad nighd like dis: "Oh! Robegga! Robegga I! loaf you like der doose" "Oh! blease dink of me in your dreams, woodn't you?" und such ungomfordable exbressions. Und von day, he was wriding all day, and ven he rund oud at nighd I found a shlib of baber containing dese resuids of his labors:—

DO ROBEGGA.

Shweed Robegga! boordy gal!
Do you loaf me awful mudch?
Do you dink of I am handsome?
Shweed, und shblendid, und all dadch?
If I thoughd you didn'd dink so
I vood choke my neck soon off,
Den you'd fade yourself mid doo mudch worrying
about doi boor feller vad loafed you nad visely
bud doo eggsdremely vell!

I subbose der unseddled shdade of his mind brefended him, seeing dot dere vas chooset von sylinpie doo mudch in dot lasd hunk of dot boem.

He a so becomed extralagned, und god a shafe und a shamboo effery day, und his billow already resempsied the dere vas a young pig molded dere, dere vas mudch greased shbilled off his head, und aldogeder he agded as if his prains vas loose. Bud dot vas a extreme gase.

Den deir is der loaf bedween barends und childs. Dot is a shquare dink, and no humbug in id, und id's goot effects are known do all. Ven I find a young feller midoud der breber feeling for der oil folks I say brobhedigally:—"Dot young chendlemans vill come do a gobass end!" (Dot last ding condains a choke. Blease dond base id midoud der requaid chonality.) Der loaf bedween a vooman and a fraule of der same sexes is a fraud I dink. Der liperal exhibidion of baps and kisses on meeding in bublic is kinder "off sob r," for ven dey are sebarded each von is ready (und villing) to brofe dot der oder von's dress vas been durned dree dimes in von year, dot her shdockins vas dyed, and dot her false hair v a segond hand. etc.

[illegible] der mysdery and dregress of loaf. A young feller sees a young vooman. Of gourse he has seen many of dem, bud dis bardigular female adbraccs him in a mysderious way, so von some day he schquinds ad her, und berhabs she is addracded also, und thenceronsly schquinds back ad him. Dot is enuff for dot day, und dey retire do deir resbeodif geuches, und dream of a haben vere dey hafe noding bardigular do done, bud schquind ad each odder all der dime! Der nexd dime, der subquinding posiness is ingreased, mid both deir dwo eyes, und berhabs dey vink deir nose abo, vich is a improvement, und exbloase a more advanced sdade of acquaindance. So each day dey god more and more acd ainted, und finally dey reach der bound of kissing on deir hands off ad each oder. Ad dis beriod a most marked change is observed in deir resbeodif abbearance. Der gal looks gi an like a biece of vax (vich I subbose must seem brady glean); deir feller looks bead like he game oud of a band-boxes, as der saying is, (aldo I dink he vood look raeder smashed ub, and bend up like he had chosed coomed oud of a band-boxes!) Finally comes der day ven dey shall dalk. He abbroaches her mid drebidation visible in his legs, and says:—"Oh! Dear Miss Simmergins, I vood—" "Ush! me Robegga," she jendly sighs id. "Gall me Robegga, vorden't you, Misder Dommerkins?" "Oh! blease und don'd gall me Mister. Gall me Sharlie!" A momend's bause—a momends of a vful hesidancy. Den comes der schweed shmelling sounds of deir consequaif voices. "Robegga, schweedest!" "Sharlie, beadest!" und dot ends der conferendion. Dots all, bud id is blaind for dem as yed. Off dey go again, und dream all about each one anoder. Sharlie dreamed dot Robegga has dumbled ofer herself indo der vash dub, und vas abound do sing dree dimes, ven he rushes in dreo der savage flames (he gods rader mixed in his dreams), kigs back der assempied maliddude, consisting of der mudder und papy und der cad, und blunges in and safes chooed as she vill de-cend do been a lifeless Robegga. Der cold vader gifs him a rubdure, he is nursed by Rebeg—vich is a sofd ding, und all is serene. Bud dis is bud his dreams. I am unapie to describe der aodions ad der first kiss dime. Dey are as habby as a cup of coffee *mid doo mudch sugar!* Well, after marriage, dey find oud day hafe been a leedle doo hasdadin, und dot der more natural loaf vich follows is bedder. For *he* vill den see dot *she* is *not* a angel, und vill oud her doenaite, und shnore, und somedime god gross, und oder dings vich he subbosed id vas unbossible for her to do dot.

## THE PLAYER'S VISION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

### A Dramatic Peculiarity, Supposed to Illustrate the Ups and Downs in the Life of a Modern Votary of Thespis.

*Scene* 1.—*In front of the Omnium Gatherum Theatre, with Cornucopia Hotel adjoining. Time, evening. The usual sidewalk crowd discovered. A line of ten thousand inveterate playgoers charging upon the box office, over which is the placard, "Standing room, only."*

*Bills announcing "The Red Gnome of the Enchanted Grotto; or, the Descent of Orpheus in Pursuit of Eurydice. Grand Ballet of Fifty Young Ladies," etc.*

CHORUS *of Disguised legitimates.*

Away, away! Make no delay,
The breeze blows fresh o'er land and sea;
The worse we fare the more we stay,
Then neighborhood's no place for we.

VARIATION.—*Lyrics, deadly-ade, diaquerra, etc.*

Haste we from these yellow sands—
Golden sands.
Sundered are familiar ties,
And time flies.
Scamper briskly everywhere
From realms where Momus holds the chair.
Booth is fled and Adams too,
If Jefferson goes what shall we do?

FIRST LEGITIMATE.—Conscience cres, 'tis time, 'tis time!
Round about the cauldron go,
In the mix'd ingredients throw;
Bale of cotton, ton of bran,
Curls that are the hair of man;
Packages of hemp and jute,
Group of fairies fleet of foot,
Shirts of gauze and airy wings,
Wands, and harps with magic strings;
Volumes big of old Joe Miller,
'Nough to make one caterpillar;
Music reft from various sources
By the shrewd play-writing corsairs;
Heaving busts and swimming eyes,
L'gs that might a saint entice;
Elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that they put in.

CHO.—Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may!

*[They disappear.*

*Enter an actor of the old school, out of a "fit."*

To lunch, or not to lunch, that is the question!
Whether 'tis better inwardly to suffer
The squirms and gripings of on rageous hunger,
Or to take alms to ease these gnawing troubles
And, by appeasing, end them. To lunch, to drink
No more, and by a gorge to say we end
The cholic and the thousand natural shocks
Stomachs are heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To eat, to drink—
To drink and then to pay l—aye, there's the rub!
O, who would bear the chalnges of the times,
The public's slights, the pangs of hope despis'd,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare pocket. Smile my lucky star
Whiles I go in and for a cocktail spar.

*[Enters Hotel.*

*Enter* GRUBCHECK, *cautiously.*

Is this a ticket that I see b fore me,
Nearing my itching palm? Come! let me clutch thee.
Ah! I have thee not, yet still I see thee.
Art thou not, fatal vision, check or ticket,
Or art thou but a coinage of the mind,
A false creation, framed to lure us on
To our own taking in? I see thee yet,
In form as palpable as e'er I saw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use.
Sweet talisman! passport to unnumbered joys,
We'll in and try it on.

*[Enters Theatre.*

(An interval of several years is supposed to nave elapsed, during which Grubcheck, having made the acquaintance of actors of the old school by carrying his clothes basket, has mastered the art, and, having gone the rounds of the "provinces," is starring up the managers for a metropolitan opening. They meet; when the following colloquy ensues:—)

GRUB.—Cully, well met.

CULLY.—Well met, and yet not well.

GRUB.—What's up, my noble juke? Thou'rt looking sad.

GRUB.—And well I may, for surely I have cause.
A fearful gulf divides us since I saw thee.
That sad *debu*—Cully, dost thou remember?

CULLY.—I nothing else remember, I not that.
How the gods yelled and hooted!

GRUB.—How I swore.
And, swearing, cursing, fled. Together then
We made the country circuit, where, you know,
I gained a heap of laurels. Well, I came
Once more to town, and here perforce had been
Striving for weeks harsh managers to move.
But all in vain, when, on a moonlight eve,
Wandering beside the fount in Central Park,
In melancholy mood, a phantom strange,
Clad like Jim Fisk, and him most close resembling,
Appeared before me, and with solemn march
Stalked stately by.

CULLY.—Did'st speak it? Yes, I did,
But answer made it none, tho' once I thought
It lifted up its head and made a move,
As if 'twas going to speak, but even then
An envious Shanghae crowed, and straight it vanished.

CULLY.—We'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

(The cronies pace the hall on the night ensuing, when the subjoined dialogue is overheard.)

GRUB.—The air bites keenly; fleas begin to skip.

CULLY.—'Tis just the very night to take a nip.

GRUB.—What hour now?

CULLY.—It must be twelve, or near.

GRUB.—I'd rather be in bed than standing here.
Would that the ghost might speedily appear.

*[Music without, and cheers.*

What does that mean?

CULLY.—In Armory Hall to-night
The whole Ninth Reg.ment turns out for drill,
To dine and revel.

GRUB. Is it a custom here?

CULLY.—Aye, marry, is't; a custom 'twould appear,
More honored in the breach than the observance.
Look, here he comes! May fair good fortune send us.

*Enter phantom of J. Fisk, Jr., clad in full regimentals.*

GRUB.—Angels and men of acumen defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
A doll with ether stuff'd or sulphur crammed,
Bring with thee airs from France or blasts amain
From climes where Offenbach and Wagner reign?
Thou comes't in such a questionable guise—
I'll speak to thee, for there's no usher here.
GHOST OF J. F.—You've no subpœnas? Well, the hour's at hand
When I must take myself to Lethe's strand.
Yet ere I go I'd have thee take close heed,
For duller must thou be than yonder weed
If you can't read the spirit of the time.
Nothing pays now but sparkling pantomime,
*Ballet* or *opera bouffe*, though they say
At Booth's and Daly's they make dramas pay,
And Wallack puts it through in the old Pa k Theatre way.
Go to gymnasiums, take some steps at Brook-es,
Study the secret charm which the Black Crook's is;
So shall you soon c mmand your own set price,
And learn to thank me for my good advice.
Hark! the cock crows—I would say, Paddock calls;
Anon fair is foul and foul is fair;
Let us get out of this cold, drizzling air.

*[Exits off with his martial cloak around him, leaving the remaining colloquists to chew upon his words.]*

A MUSICAL DUEL.—A humorous anecdote is credited to the press of Lyons, France, to the effect that:—"The bedchambers of two wealthy gentlemen are adjacent and thin partitions divide them. One tenant spends his nights at his club-house, never returning home before half past five in the morning. His neighbor rises at six and sits down at once to his piano, which he does not quit until dinner. The former complained to the commissary of police, who laughed in his face and told him to keep better hours. As he had a lease for six years he could not change his apartment. He thought of sending a challenge to his neighbor; his neighbor was paralyzed in his lower limbs. He had his walls lined with thick hair mattrasses; still "sharps" penetrated into his room. He made his servants take a hammer and rap against the wall. His neighbor waited until he was tired and then began to play. He then brought a large hand organ, which was sadly out of tune, and had a turnspit, which would turn eight days without being wound up, fitted to the organ. The turnspit was put in motion after it and the organ had been placed next the chamber wall. The piano player bore the organ for nineteen hours; at the end of that time sent a letter of truce. He was told that the club-hunter had gone out of town and wouldn't be back in a week. The pianist sold his lease. The organ is still going."

SHOO FLY.—By careful computation, it has been estimated that the c are 843 quinqu decillions, 217 quatuordecillions, 865 triodecillions, 643 duodecillions, 289 undecillions, 804 decillions, 328 nonillions, 976 octillions, 823 septillions, 451 sex illions, 209 quintillions, 789 quadrillions, 794 trillions, 734 billions, 389 millions, 123 thousands, and 239 flies in the world. According to this, it would r quire 60 triodecillions, 453 duodecillions, 870 undecillions, 733 decillions, 707 nonillions, 539 octillians, 754 quintillions, 190 quadrillion, 734 trillons, 507 billions, 309 millions, 481 thousands, and 991 years for one person to count them, working at the rate of ten hours per day.

A DEAD SHOT.—Some octogenarian says, from first to last, he has received by discharges of guns and pistols into his body, one hundred and seventy-five shot; he had both legs, collar bone, and seven ribs broken, and his skull cracked; is the father of twenty children; raised this year, with his own hands, eleven hundred head of fine cabbage, four thousand large beets, besides other "crops," and can now run a pretty good quarter race.

PERSIMMONS FOR PLUCK.—Reward for special acts of courage are advertised in the German papers. One paper has a list of these prizes, which extends through several columns. The rewards comprise recompense in money, amounting in some cases to many thou-and thalers, besides gold medals, rifles, gold watches, c rriages, thousands of bottles of wine, and innumerable other articles.

LET not thy taole exceed the fourth part of thy income; see thy provisions be solid and not far-fetched—full r of substance than art; be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and freely cheerful in thy entertainment; too much is vanity; enough, a feast.

## CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

### TO MY LOVE.

Oh! wilt thou not come back to me?
I miss thee every day;
Each joyous scene looks careless now
Because thou art away.
The dancing streams and lovely flowers
Which shared eyes I see.
When thinking of the happy hours
That I have spent with thee.

Oh! wilt thou not come back to me?
Alas! thou may'st not come,
And I must bear, as best I can,
With my deserted home,
And live upon thy memory,
Until we meet once more
In that bright land where earthly cares
And earthly toils are o'er.

### MARS vs. ESCULAPIUS.

UNHAPPY MATRIMONY IN THE ARMY.

DESERTION AND CONFESSION OF CRIME.

On Wednesday, Nov. 23d, an interesting case was opened before Judge Paxon, in a Philadelphia law court, which contains a warning to the gay and frivolous, and plainly illustrates the trite moral that our sins will find us out. Mrs. Susan Cornelia Bailey, the prosecutrix in the case, after being sworn, testified:—

I am a daughter of the late Jacob Broom, of this city; my mother is living in this city in Barker street; I resided with her, and have been there since last June. I was married to Dr. Bailey in Dec. 1865; I lived with him as his wife; he is in the army; I went with him from point to point as he was ordered. He has since det ched me and I have no means to maintain myself; I am living entirely dependent upon my mother; my mother is almost entirely without means; Dr. Bailey was arrested in this city; his position in the army is that of full surgeon, with a salary of $3,500 a year; he knows where I reside in this city; he has not offered me anything since I have lived with my mother.

Upon being cross-examined by Mr. Hanson she further testified:—I was married in Wilmington, Del.; Dr. Bailey was stationed there at that time; I don't know whether he was a resident or not; his father lived there; after the marriage his father took a house there, and all the family lived there before my marriage; I had been a resident of Wilmington, Del., a year and a half; we were married Dec. 12th, 1865, and lived in Wilmington until some time in June, when he was ordered away from that post; am not positive whether he retained a portion of it e house after he left; I think he did; the first separation took p'ace the 1st of June, 1866, when he departed me; I was then at Auburndale, Mass.; went to Washington; I took my case to General Sherman, and in the meantime I had a place in the Patent Office; when I left Washington I came to my mother's in Philadelphia, in the early part of May, 1870; after leaving Washington I did not make temporary visits anywhere; last summer I was at Long Branch six or seven weeks, at a farm house.

In answer to enquiry of counsel as to how she came to have Dr. Bailey arrested, she narrated the following circumstances:—I went to Dover, and on my road back from there I stopped at Wilmington, Delaware, and enquired whether Dr. Bailey was in Washington still, and was told that he was about to leave or had left that morning; then I went to the medical office; then I went to the depot for New York and saw Dr. Bailey in the back car on the Philadelphia train; I went back to that car and sat nearly opposite to him; only two or three seats from him; he passed me once or twice into the next car and then took his son and went into the next, the New York car; then I went to that car also, as I wanted to have a private interview with the doctor if possible; then we went on to the West Philadelphia depot, and after the doctor got out I got out also, and not having succeeded in obtaining an interview followed him to a carriage; before I got to the carriage the man at the gate did not want to let me out, but I begged him that he would, and when I got out I saw the doctor in the carriage pulling down the curtains. I hired a carriage and followed the doctor's carriage down to the Continental Hotel, where he got out; I got some one to look after the doctor while I went to see if I could find a detective. I told the detective to make known who he was, and to say that his wife was down stairs, and that she would like an interview; the detective asked the nature of my business and I told him; the doctor declined the interview and said he had no wife; he did not tell me, but the detective told me; then I made complaint before Alderman Senlin.

To Mr. Cassidy—I have had no home since the doctor deserted me, except my mother, and no means except the charity of my friends; the reason why I had the doctor arrested was to know what caused him to desert me.

The defence was opened by Mr. Dougherty for Dr. Bailey. He stated that the defendant is a native of Chester county Pa. He entered the army when a young man. He had previously been married, and his wife died where his home has been since 1858, in Wilmington, Del. That is the domicile. There he owns real estate, has paid taxes and voted. In March, 1864, he became acquainted with the plaintiff, who was not then a resident of Pennsylvania, but a resident of Wilmington, Del., where she had lived for eighteen months. On the 12th of Sept., 1865, he was joined in marriage with the plaintiff. They continued to live in Wilmington until Jan., 1868, when Surgeon Bailey was ordered to Fort Warren. During the interval between the time of marriage and going to Fort Warren it was clearly apparent that he was not adapted for him and only desired to make a show and create a sensation among strangers. It would be shown that she had from time to time carried on improper intimacies with officers at Fort Warren; this was kept studiously from the doctor and was not known to him at the fort; she was intimate with Major Cuyler, but the fact was not known to Surgeon Bailey until the month of November, 1865, when, in the presence of Col. Gibson, she made a confession to her husband, and she deliberately wrote out the confession, admitting that she had committed adultery. He determined to seek the protection of the law and determined to apply for a divorce, and accordingly applied in Boston. A few days after the proceedings had commenced there was a conference among the friends of Major Cuyler and his own, in order to bring about a reconciliation, and Surgeon Bailey was induced to believe that the only evidence of his wife's guilt was contained in the confession, and the result was that the doctor forgave his wife. But it was impossible that she could remain long in the fort, as she was a subject to be avoided by the ladies of the fort. She was taken to Auburndale and the doctor returned to Boston. Subsequently she came from there to New York and stopped at the Metropolitan Hotel. The doctor immediately went there the next morning, and by the register of the hotel ascertained her room, went there and found she had not been in bed all night. In a few minutes a gentleman came in and the doctor was pressed with the fact that he had been there all night. They returned to Boston. In January, 1869, Doctor Bailey, the father of Surgeon Bailey, came to Boston, and in conversation with witnesses ascertained the facts known before to everybody in the fort except Surgeon Bailey, that Mrs. Bailey had been carrying on this intimacy with Major Cuyler. This determined Surgeon Bailey to apply for a divorce, and accordingly he wrote to his attorney in Wilmington, Delaware, and an application was made to the Legislature, and in September, 1869, the divorce was granted. But Mrs. Bailey is a woman of extraordinary energy, and after Dr. Bailey had been ordered to Alaska she applied to the Delaware Legislature, and without notice and without publication she obtained a repeal of the act. Next, she went to Washington and saw Gen. Sherman, and with that pleasing manner which she possesses she stated her case, and the result was a circular to Surgeon Bailey asking him to support his wife. The doctor said she was not his wife, and was not bound to support her. She succeeded then in inducing the department to order a court martial, and Doctor Bailey was brought from Alaska to stand his trial in the month of May, 1870, in New York. That court martial was one of the most protracted that ever took place in this country. After hearing all the evidence the court honorably acquitted Surgeon Bailey of all these charges. He then thought that he was entirely free from this lady, and returned to his home in Wilmington, and remained there until August last, when he was ordered to Arizona. He left Wilmington to take the cars for Arizona, intending to stop in Philadelphia, to procure his tickets and have his baggage packed, and it was then engaged that he was arrested upon this complaint. Nor is this all. She has told the court some of the places she visited, but has made no mention of Pennacola. She went there to seek out Major Cuyler, and ask him to do her justice. Major Cuyler avoids her, and he tells an officer that her love has turned to hate. Next she meets Major Geddis, and it will be shown that she lived with him as his wife.

The record of the proceedings in the court martial was offered in evidence, but ruled out upon an objection by Mr. Cassidy, although Mr. Hanson argued that, as a record of a court of competent jurisdiction passing upon a question of desertion, it was admissible.

In support of this defence several witnesses were called, the first of whom, George Carter, a colored boy, swore that Mrs. Bailey had stayed with his wife in Pollard, Alabama; that they occupied the same bed in the hotel and were much given to kissing and hugging each other, which gave him the idea that they were newly married. Wm. N. Amos, another denizen of Pollard, recollected the lady and gentleman coming to the hotel from about the 16th or 17th of August; the gentleman was an officer; the lady he identified as Mrs. Bailey; saw them at the hotel on the 20th of August; at the hotel they appeared to be very intimate; saw them on the porch acting as man and wife; also saw them sitting in his lap; the porch connected with the bed-rooms; they went backwards and forwards into the same bed-room. The room was connected with the porch; they stayed in it from a quarter to half an hour and then came out again.

Sergeant Thomas Jordan, upon being sworn, testified:—I am a member of Co. D, Fifth Artillery, at Fort Warren; was there during the residence of Surgeon Bailey and his wife at the fort; there was an officer there named Major Cuyler, also Captain Callahan. During the month of July, 1868, I was a patient in the hospital, and I remember a servant coming there and giving Mrs. Bailey's compliments to Captain Callahan and requesting him to step over to her quarters for a few minutes. He was gone fifteen or twenty minutes, and when he came back he asked for a piece or two of silk or cloth—two pieces eight inches square; he again entered the house, and I noticed that he had on no vest or coat. In the month of July, in the same year, I was having conversations, and upon some pieces of cards in one of the rifle pits after "taps" it was customary to order, but went there; you enter the rifle pits by descending stairs. Hearing a noise at the head of the stairs we blew out the light, and I went to see what it was. I proved to be a man and woman. The woman I took to be Mrs. Bailey and the man Major Cuyler. They came down into the rifle pits and I retreated back, and they came within four paces of where I was around the corner, and what was done I don't know, but from the noise I could judge. I heard hard breathing and so kisses, but no loud conversation. There was only one word said by the gentleman, and he said, "I don't care." They remained five or ten minutes, then they left the rifle pits. The man, I am certain, was Major Cuyler. What gave me reason to believe it was Mrs. Bailey, was she was a large woman; knowing her size, for she does not walk like other women, for she takes an eighteen inch step; and, besides, the slanders going around the fort. I went there a week afterwards and found the footprints in the clay. Described the shape of the four feet in the clay.

The cross-examination was short:—There were five or six ladies in the fort; did not recognize the parties by their faces; Major Cuyler is dead.

A number of other witnesses testified to improper conduct on the part of Mrs. Bailey, and Mr. Hanson offered in evidence the written confession as found among the records of the New York Court-Martial. It is as follows:—

I, Susan Cornelia Bailey, of my own free will and accord, and without any compulsion whatever on the part of any per on, confess I have had adulterous associations without the act of intercourse having actually taken place with William C. Cuyler, on the nights of the 16th and 17th of July, 1868, during the absence of my husband from the house. (Signed) S. C. BAILEY.

Fort Warren, B. H., Mass., Nov. 3, 1868.

Witness—A. A. Gibson.

After the cross-examination of Dr. Bailey the defence was closed. An application was made on the part of the complainant for time to produce witnesses from a distance to disprove all the allegations of Surgeon Bailey.

Judge Paxon suggested that as there was a question of jurisdiction or domicile in the case, that should be argued first; for, if decided that there was no jurisdiction, there could be no necessity for bringing witnesses from a distance.

This course was agreed to, and the case was adjourned.—*Sunday Transcript, Phila., Nov. 27th.*

## THE CURSE OF DIVORCE.

A MOTHER PARTED FROM HER CHILDREN.

Husband and wife for some twenty years lived together Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Barrows; children born unto them, and under their protecting c re grew up Louise to the age of 17, Inez to the age of 15, Eliza to the more tender age of 9. For a long time, for aught the world knew to the contrary, the union was happiness, the house old peace. Latterly, however, things went wrong, and, after a series of connubial infelicities, resulted in a divorce being granted to the wife, *a vin ulo matrimonii*, by the district court at Davenport, Iowa, in May last.

Without discussing the causes, bearings or moral defections of this case, suffice it to say that certain properties pertaining to the family homestead were adjudged to the wife, and the care and protection of the children to the husband. Possession of the children had not been obtained by him at the opening of the November term of the same court last week. On Tuesday Judge Richman issued a mandate requiring the mother to deliver up the children, their cloth g, books, &c., to the father, without hindrance, and placed it in the hands of the sherif. A deputy sheriff, the father, and one or two others went to the family residence on Tuesday evening, about four o'clock, and made the unpleasant demand. The object of the mission was explained.

The mother, dumb stricken with anguish, and yielding to the supremacy of the law, smothered her deep grief within a breaking heart; the daughters, refusing to be taken from the maternal bosom, gave vent to the wildest and most passionate grief—protesting their abhorrence of the proceedings. But law, which sees no tears and heeds no agonizing cries, must be vindicated. The officer, sad at heart, performed his duty; the ties of home life and maternal communion were snapped asunder—daughters and mother, agonized beyond power of pen to depict, were separated—the latter taken away—perhaps forever. The youngest was not to be found.

The father and the two oldest left the city on Tuesday night by boat; the daughters, unwilling prisoners, bowed down with blighting grief, to go among strangers, out into the world—God knows where!

It may have been for the best; but what a dismal, soul-sickening, heartrending picture in social life it is! Marriage vows solemnized before God; years of happiness; pledges of affection; ripening daughters; false steps, perhaps; dissensions, criminations, the law of courts; husband lost to wife; wife lost to the husband; children torn from the maternal presence; separation, hatred, curses, and beyond all that and more like that—what?—*Philadelphia Item, Nov. 26.*

FEMININE PHYSICIANS, or nearly all those who have entered upon the practice of medicine make the diseases of women a spe lity, in most ins nces refusing their services when called upon to attend other patients.

## A LATE SUPPER.

ITS SERIO-COMIC RESULTS.

PERUSAL OF LOVING EPISTLES.

In a certain city, not far away from Himira, N. Y., a few evenings, since a party of friends met at a social gathering in a fashionable restaurant. Some were bachelors, and some were in the enjoyment of "Heaven's best gift to men!" The evening was cold, and most of them wore overcoats. Two were nearly alike and were owned respectively by Charley G—— and Charley S——, one of them married and the other single, and a wild fellow. The former, Charley G——, is a sober man, cherishing a bright eyed but jealous hearted little wife, who loves him tenderly. He found it difficult to obtain permission to attend the supper at all. It was given at last, with the understanding that he would come home early. He did not, however, but sat late; so very late, indeed, that he slept soundly the next morning. He had met with a misfortune, too, having stumbled on his way home and rolled over in the street. His wife, however, set about repairing the mishap the next morning, by cleansing the muddy overcoat. While engaged in this occupation her hand by the merest chance in the world strayed into one of the side pockets of his coat, and encountered a neatly folded billet doux, subscribed simply to Charley, which read:—

Do not go to that horrid supper, love, but come to me instead. I am so lonely. Your devoted KATE.

Oh my! but the little blue eyes flashed—the color came and went upon her cheek and forehead—when she read the few lines. There was a moment's pause, as if to still the intensity of passion, and then Mr. G—— was rudely shaken from his bed. "What's the meaning of this, sir?" and the little hands trembled with passion, as the offending paper was held up before the culprit. "I don't know. Who brought it?"

"Who brought it, sir? I found it in your coat pocket, Mr. G——. I want an explanation. I will have one. I want a divorce, too!" Mr. G. was fully aroused by this time. He protested he knew nothing of the note; he did not know how the treacherous little thing came in his pocket. He appealed to his wife's good sense. She would hear nothing, but instead made another dive into the coat pocket. Another little missive awarded her search. It was brimful of the tenderest endearments, and dated only two days back, but was in another handwriting, very beautiful and signed "Jennie." "Oh! you Turk—just look at that!" and while Charley's bewildered eyes were perusing the letter another vi it was paid to the receptacle of love—another letter came out. It was d-licate, but full of upbraidings. It called Charley cruel, false, deceitful; said that Fannie's broken heart would be laid at his door;" and that his "once-loved darling would die early." The lips were white now with rage, the blue eyes all aflame, the little form drawn up to its fullest height. Charley never saw her look so indignant.

"You monster! Why, Brigham Young would be ashamed to do as you have done!"

Another dive was made into the pocket and letter after letter brought out, until a dozen strewed the floor, all evincing the tenderest love for Charley. Unable to cope with the storm of indignation he made a hasty exit from the room, and, leaving the house, left his wife to meditate upon divorce or suicide at leisure. A few minutes after, however, the servant of Charley S—— appeared with Mr. G——'s overcoat, and respectfully solicited the return of his master's.

## DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN KANSAS.

TWO GIRLS BRUTALLY MURDERED.

Last evening we heard some additional particulars of the late tragedy at Wichita, in which two girls were brut

# BASE BALL.

## THE BASE BALL CONVENTION.

On Nov. 30th a convention of base ball players from various parts of the country was held at the Grand Central Depot in New York. It was called the "Fraternal Reception Meeting of the National Association of Base Ball Players," and, under the supposition that it was to be a representative gathering of delegates from every part of the United States, several responses from every part of the United States, several responses from every part of the United States, several responses

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

*Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.*

## Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of the same in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Bryant, Jennie
Bolton, Marie
Bostwell, Louisa
Bidwell, Dollie
Drayton, Gussie
Durell, Carrie
De Lisle, Maude
Dart, Lizzie
Drury, Ann (2)
Dunham, Kittie M.
Estelle, Maggie
Eagan, Mrs. H. W.
Eddy, Mrs. Clinton
Fowler, Susan M.
Gibbons, Annie
Glaser, Mrs. Louis
Hastings, Hattie
Hubbard, Addie
Howard, Vic.
Herring, Fanny (2)
Heathcote, Kate
Jerseau, Mlle.
Linbeck, Laura
Lizzie Nell
Lawrence, Mrs.
La Favre, Lizzie
Lotta
Mortimer, Mrs. J. K.
Moore, Carrie
Nicholls, Maggie
Parker, Susie (2)
Quigley, Jennie
Raad, Olivia
Riddell, Lide
Sharpe, Kate (2)
Stanley, Blanche
St. Leon, Belle
Swan, Alma H.
Teeman, Ada (2) 12c.
Taylor, Marian
Underwood, Mrs.
Vernon, Fmello
Williams, Alice E.
Wharfe, Carrie (3)
Wentworth, Lottie
Wood, Annie
Western, Lucille

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong, J. H.
Agent for MePeak
Austin, Charles
Attingford, Wm.
Brown, Charles J.
Becket, Harry
Brink, Fred A.
Bond, D. D.
Bassett, Mr.
Ball, Mr.
Bolton, Ira
Brink, C. Amory (2)
Bliss, Jerome
Barclay, Fred
Burroughs, Claude
Barnard, G. F.
Bingham, Thos.
Barr, O. H.
Bailey, George
Brown, W. J.
Brandist, J.
Castello, D.
Crane, W. H.
Cowen, W. S.
Carran, J. B.
Cota, Carlos
Cary, Col. F. J.
Collins, James
Cordove, Harry
Cowell, Frank
Crane, W. H.
Coon, D. S.
Cooper, G. G.
De Voe, Thomas
Dana, Roland
Dillon, John
Derr, Albert A.
Delehanty, Hengler & Co.
Dalton, H. B.
Ellis, George
Delavanti Bros.
Eadee, Harry
Emerson, Fred (2)
Emerson, Billy
Enos, Albert G.
Evans, H. A.
Fyffe, Thomas J.
Foster, Didier
Fox, Charles
Fennell, Nyati
French, H. C.
Fuller, George H.
Florance, C. A.
Page, A. B.
Franks, Sidney
Foote, Commodore
Frank, C. Harry
Gunn, Robert
Grenl, Major (2)
Gleason, Billy
Gaylord, J. B.
Gannon, James
Gaylord, Willie
Harrison, W. B.
Hall, D. S.
Harris, H.
Hatch, Charles A.
Hallett, Lew
Harrison, Geo. W.
Hosmer, Frank D.
Hogel, Sanford
Hall, E. M.
Holbrook, Dan
Heppe (2)
Jefferson, Joseph
Jones, C. A.
Jester, G. W. (3)
Kemble, Chas. W. (2)
Kidder, E. E.
Kelly, James
Kruger, J. K.
Kemble, C. W.
Langen, Horace
Leopold, George
Long, Charles
Leeper, Clifford
Little Mack
Lannier, W. M.
Lewis, Rinard
Love, Valentine
Lightfoot, Robt., Sr.
McKee, Andy
Melbourne & Co.
Mulgrew, Charley
McIntyre, Thos. (2),
Mitchell, J. A.
MacDonald, Geo. F.
Magill, Wm.
Martinez, M. Eugene
Macarte, J.
Mikkit, George S.
Maxwell, George
Murdock, Jas. E.
Miner, Harry
Morris, Lon
Morris, Charles A.
Nourse, Daniel
Ohnet, Robert
Orrin, George F.
Oughton, W. A.
Peak, Eddie S.
Pierce, A.
Percy, J. C.
Parker, Al. L.
Pastor, Billy (2)
Perry, Marsden J.
Parker, Joseph
Percival, George
Parker, Charles
Reese, Johnny
Russell, S. H.
Roberts, N. D.
Ross, James
Robinson, Yankee
Rainford, Milton
Ryce, George
Royce, Charles
Robinson, Harry
Rae, Geo. L.
Rankin, McKee
Stanwood, Harry (2)
Saunders, John
Sweetser, J. E.
Stewart, George W.
Smith, H. W. (2)
St. Leon, Harry (2)
Sharpley, Sam
Stanley, W. E. (2)
Saulsbury, J. W.
Schmidt & Footner
Shiner, N. B.
Seely, Charles
Sowers, Mr.
Stone, Dan
Stone, Henry
Sanford, J. W.
Sargent, H. J.
Thompson, Johnny (3)
Tannenbaum, J.
Talbot, Harry
Thorne, Charles (2)
Turner & Lester
Tribbell, Harry
Thomas, T. James
Vandenhof, George
Warman, S.
Wrenn, D. F.
Williams, J. W.
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Wambold, Jas. A.
Washburn, L. W.
Wood, Henry H.
Willis & Johnny
Williams, Geo. L. N.
Ward, James W.
Wagner, Happy Oal,
Wynne, D.
Wahlburn, Leon W.

Next week, the 19th inst., will be the last week of the season, and the last opportunity to see the Sisters Leclercq, Mlle. Rosita, Mlle. Adelaide, Mlle. Lina, Mlle. Marie, Mlle. Lizzie, Mlle. Emma, Mlle. Josephine, Mlle. Ida, Mlle. Alice, Mlle. Fanny, Mlle. Sophie, Mlle. Louise, Mlle. Rose, Mlle. Mary, Mlle. Annie, Mlle. Kate, Mlle. Jennie, Mlle. Minnie, Mlle. Carrie, Mlle. Ella, Mlle. Nellie, Mlle. Hattie, Mlle. Clara, Mlle. Bessie, Mlle. Maggie, Mlle. Sus

formances, including that of walking with the head downwards by means of rings fastened in the ceiling. Miss Claire Vernon proved a source of considerable attraction in her sentimental ballads, in which her voice is heard to much advantage. Sam Long appeared in comic songs, and the well selected *ballet corps* performed in two of George W. Smith's most attractive *ballets*, "The Grand Festival" and "Pas A' L'Orient." Mr. G. W. Jester, the "Man With the Talking Hand," and J. K. Campbell, the banjoist, also appeared in their specialties, and the entertainment concluded with the extravaganza of "Aladdin." The present week is announced as the last in which performances will be given in this theatre, as the new edifice which Mr. Fox is constructing on Chestnut street, near Tenth, will be ready for occupancy, and will be opened on the 17th inst.

OF SAN FRANCISCO THEATRICAL AFFAIRS we have advices from our correspondent, "Sir Toby," dated Nov. 26th. He says:—"On two *matinees* and every evening of this week, excepting the 25th, 'Peep O'Day' was acted at the California Theatre, its withdrawal for a single night being to gratify a request for the revival of the 'Two Roses.' Those who beheld them blooming again doubtless thought their petals never seemed prettier or of brighter hue, and doubtless full and dainty fragrance was shed never so sweetly as now in their springing from where had just been evolved a nightmare of sensations. It is not to be said that 'Peep O'Day' is without interest, but the opening is extremely tedious, and the fair, which monopolised almost the whole of one act, only restored the equanimity of those who found much to applaud in the representation of sports and pastimes inseparable to the people of Ireland and merry making. These, as shown upon the stage, comprised some clever dancing and a jolly free fight, but the excitement of sack racing and the turmoil of the chase after a greased pig were lamely re-produced. The men of the paint brush and hammer,' upon whose skill the success of such pieces in a measure depends, gave in the scene of the rocky gorge, where is enacted the thrilling terror of the drama—a fair specimen of what their trades are capable of when combined, in providing for the stage attractions in repose. The cast contained a number of names, which are, as those acquainted with our theatre well know, generally guarantees that sound seting may be expected, if not demanded. As far as it went the piece was well acted. James Carden in the character of Black Mullins made his mark with distinction as an artist in 'face making,' and as an Hibernian actor of a realistic school. A dramatization of Wilkie Collins' novel entitled 'Man and Wife,' will, on Monday, Nov. 28th, be produced with a cast as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Geoffrey Delmaine..... | S. W. Leach |
| Sir Patrick McCullough'l | Miss M. Howard |
| Sir Patrick..... | J. T. Raymond |
| Blanche..... | Miss M. E. Gordon |
| Brinkworth..... | Jas. Carden |
| Destinage..... | Mrs. C. B. Saunders |
| Bishopriggs..... | Sedley Smith |
| Lady Lundy..... | Mrs. Sophie Edwin |
| Speedwell..... | W. A. Mestayer |
| Mrs. Glenorm..... | Rose Shewell |
| Mr. Moy..... | E. N. Thayer |
| Mrs. Inchbare..... | Miss Lou Johnson |

.....Maguire's Opera House, which, according to the assent of many was a decayed institution of the past, and had been disposed of by its proprietor to be destroyed and make room for other improvements, is in quite a blaze of popularity. The cause of this revolution was the appearance of a band of minstrels brought here and managed jointly by Messrs. Newcome and Emerson. The first appearance of said band was on Wednesday, Nov. 23d, when the auditorium was tested to its utmost capacity, as numbers retired disappointed long before the time arrived for the rising of the curtain. When the green baize went up it revealed fifteen performers, all neatly costumed in black coats and spotless white vests and cravats. A bandsman was at their back, the chairs waiting for them exhibiting fresh upholstery, and the impression at the start was favorable, from the brightness of things in general. The usual portion of the minstrel performance, technically known as the 'first part,' brought out some singing of a sentimental order, rather cleverly done by Con. T. Murphy and Ainsley Scott. The puns, jokes and conundrums of the end men, Moore and Leach, succeeded well, from the extraordinary fact that they were all new here; and the character business of Emerson and imitations of actors by Budworth—upon each of whom the responsibility of keeping the fun a bubbling equally rests—were applauded with a freedom which left no doubt how well pleased the audience was. After the concert was over the stage was cleared and the performance went on without the curtain being lowered. In singing 'Crossing the Ferry' Fostelle burlesqued a 'girl of the period,' for which he managed to coax an *encore*, and responded in another song with less success. Budworth chanted the doleful experience of 'Lord Lovel,' and exhibited a power of grimace and a fund of humor—rather broad at times—that convulsed the house, and his success was repeated in a greater degree in his 'Ecossa from Faderland.' Billy Emerson's reputation as a song and dance man had preceded him; much was expected and much was falsified. He is, as claimed, original; is a marvel of agility and sings better than the run of similar performers. This latter superiority is not, however, an attainment which distinctly argues merit in a purely musical point of view. The Brothers executed a double clog dance with sharp precision, while their movements were free and bearing easy. 'A Trip to Paris' and 'Home from the Wars, a travesty on 'Somnambula,' brought the entertainment to a conclusion. In the latter sketch Ainsley Scott did some tolerable good singing and burlesque acting as the old veteran, and Johnny DeAngelis, of local renown, appeared successfully as Young Vet. The theatre has been crowded nightly and this troupe doubtless will find it profitable to remain well into the winter.....At the Alhambra Theatre there has been a number of plays performed by a company which may be characterized as being anxious to deserve popularity. The romantic histronic play of the 'Life Signal,' 'The Drunkard,' and Buckstone's pleasing comedy of 'Leap Year,' have been presented, and in addition to these a farce followed the play on each evening. Among those whose efforts were singled out for applause and recognition may be mentioned the names of Miss Sallie Hinckley, Miss Maggie Moore and G. W. Thompson. 'Man and Wife' is announced for to-morrow night, which is in advance of the California by one night. Thompson is to play Geoffrey Delmaine; Milton Nobles, Brinkworth; and Miss Winslev, Annie Silvester.....At the Bella Union Theatre, the principal attractions are the Nelson Brothers, gymnasts; Oberi, demon contortionist; 'them' Carrolls, in song and dance; Lew Parker and Matt Kelly, shining lights of Ethiopian darkness; R. G. Marsh, comedian, as Wormwood, in 'The Lottery Ticket,' and an assorted lot of charms displayed by ladies of the gentler sex.....The Pacific has passed into the hands of M. A. Kiley, and is still the scene of variety business, conducted in a very loud and reprehensible manner. The prices of admission now ranges from fifty down to fifteen cents. *Plays and Shows in the Interior.*—'The Rapparee,' with James Cathcart in the title *role*, was the attraction last week at Proctor's Theatre, Sacramento.....The Bates Troupe are performing old-fashioned melodramas at the Opera House, Portland.....The extensive Taylor Family, consisting of Mart Taylor and his nose, have been giving concerts at Weaverville to large and delighted audiences. .....Proctor and his company are engaged to play a season of three or four weeks at Piper's Opera House, Virginia City."

THE LAURI FAMILY, pantomimists, are engaged to appear at Trimbie's Opera House, Albany, N. Y., on Dec. 19th.

OTTO J. PARK, a young actor, advertises for an agent with capital to bring him out.

MAY FISK, leading juvenile and juvenile lady, advertises for short engagements.

OF THEATRICALS in Troy, N. Y., our correspondent "Moss," writing on Dec. 3d, says:—"Lotta has just closed, at the Gurwood Opera House, one of the most successful engagements played this season. She began a week on the 28th ult., opening in 'The Female Detective.' Lotta is as fresh, vivacious, and piquant, as of yore; in fact, she looks prettier, sings sweeter and acts better than ever. In the 'Female Detective' she assumed six different characters, and ably sustained them all. Mr. Geo. C. Davenport, fairly divided the honors with Lotta, and his impersonation of Lodovic was irresistably funny, and he was rewarded with his full share of applause. Mr. H. W. Mitchell enacted the character of Roderick Tracy in his usual excellent style. Mr. John Ferris looked and acted the character of Barry Mallison to the life. His make-up was exquisite. Mr. W. E. Coleman as Langton and Mr. C. Hillyard as Phœbus Rockaway, were both excellent. Mrs. Dan Myron as Stella, although a small part, was enjoyable. Mrs. E. A. Deerin as Madame Ritzdorf, and Miss Laura Paige as Una were both good. 'The Female Detective' was repeated on the 29th. On the 30th 'Little Nell' and 'The Marchioness' were presented, with Lotta in the *dual role*. Mr. Davenport as Swiveller made a hit, and the part was effectively rendered by Mr. John Ferris. Mr. C. Hillyard's delineation of Sampson Brass was one of the best performed characters in the play, and Mr. D. B. Van Deerin's rendition of Old Trent was admirable. Miss Laura Page gave a faithful personation of Mrs. Quilps, and the small part of Sally Brass was well given by Mrs. E. A. Van Deerin. The rest of the characters were all well rendered. 'Little Nell' was repeated on the 1st. On the occasion of her benefit, on the 2nd inst., she drew the largest audience of the season. 'Captain Charlotte' and 'Andy Blake' were the pieces presented. The same bill was repeated for the matinee this afternoon, and she closes her engagement this evening with a repetition of 'Female Detective.' Dominick Murray is the attraction for next (this) week."

THOMAS S. CLINE died in New Orleans, La., Nov. 26th, of consumption. He came of an old theatrical family, was born in London, Eng., and came to this country at a very early age. He had been connected with many of the principal theatres of the country as stage manager or prompter, and was at the Winter Garden in this city in that capacity for many years. During the past two years he was at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La. He had been failing in health for the past five years. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Emma Cline, the soubrette of the Varieties Theatre above referred to, to mourn his loss, besides many friends, professional and otherwise. He was buried with masonic ceremonies in the Firemen's Cemetery on Sunday, the 27th, and his funeral was largely attended by the members of the dramatic profession in New Orleans.

THEATRICALS IN PITTSBURGH, PA., are thus discoursed about by our correspondent "J. E. H." writing under date of Dec. 2d. "The great event of the season in theatrical circles here, has been the appearance of Jos. K. Emmett at the Opera House, in the play of 'Fritz.' His initial performance was on the 28th, and long before the curtain went up the house was jammed as it had never been jammed before. Hundreds of people were turned away who would have freely paid a double price of admission to even have obtained standing room. Every night during the week crowds have besieged the box office, securing seats three nights in advance, and unless this precaution is adopted it is almost impossible to get an eligible seat after the doors are thrown open. People come in from the rural districts to see "Fritz" as they would to see a circus, and many Germans who cannot speak or understand the English language seem to enjoy the performance as much as those to the manor born. "Have you seen Emmett?" is the question asked on the streets and in business houses. In fact, the furore the advent of this young star among us has created is simply unprecedented. Mr. Emmett's acting of the character of Fritz is wonderfully life-like. His make-up, manner, and dialect combine to make the representation thoroughly artistic and unexceptionable. His songs, dances and instrumental solos, in the parlor concert scene, are admirably given and are always received with a unanimous shower of applause. George Dickson as Moppy is very good. Florence Noble makes an altogether satisfactory Katrina, and Mr. Gossin as Colonel Crafton plays well. Considerable new scenery had been prepared for the piece, and it is presented in a most acceptable manner. Emmet remains with us next and the coming week. A portion of Manager Canning's opera house company is playing this week at Sharon, Pa. Ettie Henderson and Mr. Dunbar personate the leading parts.....The Martinetti-Ravel Troupe has been drawing good audiences at the Academy of Music this week. They have given a number of pantomimes in excellent style. Paul Martinetti is a clever pantomimist, and he was ably supported in everything in which he appeared. Master Martinetti is a marvellous child. His singing of "Love Among the Roses," etc., delighted the audiences, and received hearty and deserved applause. The character songs of Sheridan and Mack are performances of rare merit in this line. They are repeatedly *encored* every evening. On the 8th inst. the allegory of "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh" will be produced at this establishment, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic. It is announced that the proceeds will be applied to charitable purposes. Mr. Beamer, lessee of the Academy of Music, has secured the services of Mr. G. F. McDonald as acting manager.

LITTLE NELL, THE CALIFORNIA DIAMOND, commenced her first engagement in Cleveland at the Academy of Music, on the 28th ult., producing a piece written for her by Fred G. Maeder, called "Katy Did," in which she appears in five different characters, with songs, dances, drum and banjo solos, etc., to excellent advantage. The piece is of course written up for the star almost exclusively, the other parts—except Jerry Doe, a very good character part, which is well played by John Ogden—although lengthy, not being very "fat;" J. J. Wallace, Jas. O'Neil, Mrs. Walcot, Bella Golden, Harry Rome, and L. Barrett, are all in the cast, and made their various *roles* as effective as possible. Little Nell has been a great favorite with the audiences, her singing and banjo playing taking well. Annie Ward Tilney was engaged for next week, but she is still at Omaha, and will be unable to appear. So writes our correspondent "Claude."

KITTY BLANCHARD and McKee Rankin closed their engagement at the Academy of Music, Omaha, Neb., on Dec. 2d.

MARIETTA RAVEL commences an engagement of one week this evening, Dec. 5th, at the theatre in Savannah, Ga., under the management of Miss Laura Keene.

THE GAIETY COMIQUE TROUPE commenced an engagement at the Memphis Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 28th.

ROBERT MCWADE is billed to play in Dowling's Hall, Terre Haute, Ind., four nights, commencing Dec. 5th.

LILLIE WILKINSON played Pancheon in the play of that name at the Opera House, Lynn, Mass., on Dec. 3d, supported by T. Charles Howard, W. Scallan, Miss Jennie Parren and others. She will shortly appear in a new sensational play written expressly for her by George L. Aiken.

MCKEAN BUCHANAN is billed to commence a brief season in Union Hall, Johnstown, Pa., on Dec. 5th. "Richelieu" will be the opening bill.

FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed an engagement of six nights in Adrian, Mich., on Dec. 3d.

FROM BOSTON we have theatrical advices up to the 3d inst., from our regular correspondent, who says:—"Stuart Robson appeared at the Boston Theatre on Monday evening, 28th ult., for the first time this season, and Miss Mary Stuart made her debut in this city on the same evening. The play was the dramatization of Messrs. Weaver and Bradford, of Charles Dickens' novel, 'Barnaby Rudge,' and from the very favorable reports we had of it from New York, we were led to expect great things, still, the play is hardly satisfactory—it is a mere sketch, and there is hardly a character in it that has full justice done it. Even Simon Tappertit and Dennis—the two most prominent characters—are not as prominent as they should be. The cast was a fine one, embracing the full strength of the company, and there is almost no fault to be found with any of them. Mrs. J. B. Booth was the Barnaby Rudge, and although she had little to do, yet in the single scene in the last act, where she recognizes her father and parts with Hugh, by her most remarkable acting she made the hit of the evening. Stuart Robson was as funny as could be desired as Simon, and on his first appearance he was treated to a perfect storm of applause, so enthusiastic that it was almost embarassing. H. A. Weaver received considerable applause on his entrance, and his performance of Dennis, the Hangman, was something remarkable, especially in the scene before his execution, when his acting was terribly real and life like. Mary Stuart was perfectly comica las Miss Miggs, and such acting as hers would do credit to an old and experienced actress; certainly no one could ever imagine that she was a novice. If she does not make her mark in the profession I am greatly mistaken. Nell Warner was gruff, and fierce, and sullen as Maypole Hugh, playing the part most carefully. Leslie Allen as Gabriel Varden, H. S. Murdoch as Joe Willett, Rachel Noah as Dolly Varden, were all most excellent, and the remainder of the cast, having little to do, did that little well. The scenery was all good, and the burning down of the Newgate prison made a most sensational and exciting effect; but, notwithstanding the fine scenery, the excellent cast and the care with which everything was done, the play has not made a success. On Monday there was a good sized audience, but by no means a crowded one, and during the rest of the week the houses have been uniformly small. This afternoon and evening are its final performances, when a change of bill will be made. 'Bluffards,' 'Camille' and 'Spitfire' will be given on Monday and Wednesday evenings; 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Toodles'' on Tuesday and Thursday; 'Paul Pry' and 'John Wopps' on Friday, and on Saturday afternoon 'Paul Pry' and 'Spitfire.' The week is full of roaring fun, just the sort that Robson is greatest in. Caroline Richings and her double opera troupe will open on the 12th.....Fred. Williams, who has done a good deal before this in the way of dramatizing novels, has completed his version of Wilkie Collins' 'Man and Wife,' and on Monday evening last it was produced at the Museum before a very large audience. The play is a decided success, and it follows the main features of the novel most closely, every character having the same stamp and feature as in the original. Indeed, the play is one of the most interesting and enjoyable productions of the season. It was originally intended to be in three acts, but the requirements of the stage forced the change to five acts—as it seems a great improvement. The scenery is in the Museum's very best style, and Messrs. Maeder and Culbert deserve especial praise for their productions. The most noticeable scene was, however, the summer house in the first act, with the garden and winding path in the background; then the library at Windygates, in the third act, was remarkably handsome. The cast was most satisfactory:—Charles Barron was dogged and sullen and effective as Geoffrey Delemayn; Warren was the eccentric, kind hearted, 'fine ould Irish gentleman,' Sir Patrick Lundie, making the part a prominent one; Crisp was quiet and carefully as Arnold Brinkworth, and Hardenbergh, after the illustrations of the novel; Hardenbergh was very successful as Bishopriggs, raising many a laugh by his quiet but ludicrous acting. Novus and Salisbury as Smith and Jones were quite good; Annie Clarke depicted the unhappy, ill used, noble Anne Silvester in most forcible colors, making it, as it deserved, the principal character in the play; Mrs. Davenport (who made her first appearance this season) was most fortunate in her conception of the rather amorous Hester Detheridge; Laura Phillips was very pretty and pleasing as Blanche—and the rest of the cast was worthy of general and hearty praise. The play deserves a good run, and it will, without doubt, receive at least three weeks of performances—which you in New York would consider as nothing at all, but which here is thought a great success. 'Fernande' is in rehearsal, and so is 'Birth.' Annie Clarke will shortly, at her benefit, play Rosalind in 'As You Like It' for the first time. The management have received Robertson's 'War'—his last play—never played before, which will probably receive it's first performance on any stage at the Museum. The scene is laid partly in England, partly in Germany, and the time is that of the outbreak of the war between France and Germany. One Hartiman, a German, is residing in England, and his daughter, Lotte, is engaged to a young French officer, Oscar, who, with his father, is obliged to go off with the army. In a battle, Oscar and his father are both wounded, and Hartiman, who has turned surgeon, finds them on the field of battle and finds the dead and dying. Lotte, who has accompanied her father, is then married to Oscar, in the ruins of a cathedral, and then Oscar is supposed to die. In the last act the scene is once more in England, and we are shown Lotte wasting away with grief; when news comes that Oscar is really alive, and upon his reentrance, every one is made happy and the curtain falls amid general rejoicing. The play is in three acts, and is worked up, it is said, in Robertson's best style. It will certainly receive good treatment at the hands of the fine Museum company.....At the Globe, the 'Lady of Lyons' has been given all the week to very good sized audiences, and Mr. Fechter's fine acting as Claude Melnotte, ably seconded by Miss Le Clerq's Pauline, has made a most favorable impression among our people. To night, Tom Taylor's 'Plot and Passion,' will receive its first performance at this theatre, with a cast embracing Messrs. LeClercq, Le Moyne, Vandenhoff, Roche, Carlotta Le Clercq, and Mary Cary; followed by Mr. Le Moyne's masterly performance of Solon Shingle. Next week, 'Don Cæsar de Bazan' will be given for the first time this season, on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, followed each time by Solon Shingle.' On Tuesday and Friday, 'Hamlet,' will receive repetitions, and on Thursday, 'Lady of Lyons' will be given for the last time. Much to every one's regret, Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau has withdrawn from the company. Rumor says that J. W. Wallack has withdrawn, too, but I saw him among the audience on Thursday evening.....At the Howard, C. A. Gardiner, Powers and Johnson, Harry Gurr, Frank and Emily Siegel, are the new attractions. Next week, Mrs. Jas. A. Oates and troupe appear.....At the Adelphi, the 'Devil's Auction' has been produced this week, and an otherwise capital entertainment has been given.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, just organized, commenced its traveling season at Monroe, Mich., on Nov. 30th. The following is a list of the company:—Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Miller, J. A. Simon, Frank Johnson, A. M. Hobson, G. A. Gale, E. M. Smith, H. E. Gray, Misses Cora Tuez, Annie Bush, Stella Miller, Clara Miller and Jennie Montfort. They are accompanied by a female brass band.

THE WOMANLY SUFFRAGE Burlesque Troupe performed during the week ending Dec. 3d, at the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C.

MAY BELMONT, chambermaid or *soubrette*, advertises that she can be engaged.

THE VARIETIES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of December 1st. The buildings on either side of the edifice were likewise destroyed. The fire originated in the property room of the theatre. We will be able in our next issue to give the particulars in detail. By this calamity, a large number of excellent artists have been suddenly thrown out of employ, at a season of the year when their services are not likely to be in great demand and they are entitled to much sympathy.

L. P. BARRETT commenced the second week of his engagement at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., on Nov. 28th, appearing in "Rosedale," which was played until Dec. 2d, when the "Duke's Motto" was substituted. His business is reported as good. Miss Anne Morris has severed her connection with the company of this theatre.

A PORTION OF WALLACK'S dramatic company will perform the "Poor Gentleman" at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Dec. 8th.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, Mr. Oliver Doud Byron's engagement proved very successful. He is succeeded by Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, who appears in his specialty of "Sam" the present week. Next week Barney Williams and wife appear at the Park.

## Musical.

THE PEAK FAMILY, Swiss Bell Ringers, performed at Rockford, Ill., Nov. 30th and Dec. 1st.

H. M. ROGERS, formerly of the Continentals, gave a concert in Bay City, Michigan, on Nov. 21st.

THE INTERNATIONAL TROUPE OF VOCALISTS, under the direction of Llwyvo Lewis, gave two concerts in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 21st and 22d.

CHARLES G. CHASE, the popular manager and agent, who was for many years attached to the Peak Family Swiss Bell Ringers, died in Portland, Me., on Nov. 26th. The funeral occurred on Nov. 28th from his residence, No. 30 Chestnut street.

"ORIENTALIA" is the title of a fairy opera in two acts eminently adapted to parlor representation. The libretto is by John Albro, Esq., and the music by T. H. Hinton, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y. It will be produced on a mammoth scale at the Welting Opera House, in Syracuse, N. Y., on Dec. 15th, with a full orchestra, a chorus of sixty voices and a large number of fairies, nymphs, &c.

A TENOR, soprano and alto singers are wanted by W. T. H., who can be addressed care of this office.

"NOT IN THE BOND," sung by Mr. J. L. Hall, of the Lydia Thompson Troupe, has been published by M. H. Cundy, 1,136 Washington street, Boston.

NILSSON gave a concert at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 30th of Nov., when the attendance was quite slim, the audience being the smallest she has appeared before since her arrival in this country.

THE THEODORA THOMAS orchestra began a series of five concerts in Cincinnati on Thursday, Dec. 1, the last of which was to be given on the evening of the 8th inst., unless his success should induce a longer stay.

THE ALLISONIANIANS, composed of Miss C. Hiltert, Miss M. Packard, Mr. M. Rouiard, and Mr. Walter Field, are billed for three nights at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, commencing Monday, Dec. 5.

AMONG THE LATEST musical publications from the establishment of Louis Fripp, of 118 Main street, Louisville, Ky., are the following:—Charles Dickens' last song "Autumn Leaves," the "Juliette Waltz," "Spray of the Sea," and "Say You Love Me, Little Nell."

MAUD STANLEY'S NEW ORLEANS CONCERT TROUPE performed in Rochester, Mich., Nov. 25th; Oxford, 26th; Lopeer, 28th; Almont, 29th; and Romeo, 30th.

FRED. MCAVOY, Annie McAvoy, Bobby McKoun, and Prof. W. Bernard Richardson, constitute a concert party which will travel through Indiana under the management of Sol Yewell, Jr., commencing at Connersville, Dec. 9th and 10th; Rushville, 12th; Green Castle, 13th; Brazil, 14th and 15th; Crawfordsville, 16th and 17th.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS are advertised for in another column.

## Variety Halls.

THE HYAM SISTERS, Jennie, a dancer, and Estelle, a vocalist, are the chief attraction at the Theatre Comique, Lynchburg, Va., here Mlle Carolotta and Tim Morris are announced to commence on Dec. 6th.

THE HYAM SISTERS, Estelle and Jennie, and Charley Rivers, were the latest additions to the Theatre Comique, in Lynchburg, Va.

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS AND C. B. BISHOP are announced to appear in burlesque at the Masonic Temple, in Nashville, Tenn., here Mlle Carolotta and Tim Morris are announced to commence on Dec. 6th.

AT TAMMANY HALL, Bay City, Mich., Johnny Buckley, the stage manager, had a complimentary benefit on Nov. 25th. The bill was a good one and the house was packed. Mr. H. M. Rogers, late of the Continentals, and Tommy O'Connor, clog dancer, volunteered, writes our correspondent. There has been no addition to the company since our last report.

HARRY CAUSLAND, musical comique, has been engaged to rejoin Burt and Ridgeway's Carnival of Novelties, and will make his re-appearance with this troupe on Dec. 5th, at Paducah, Ky.

THE POST OFFICE VARIETIES, Reading, Pa., has recently been remodeled, and is said to be doing a good business with the following company:—May Fielding, Jenny Jerome, Kate Brooks, Bob Sheppard, Ed Firth and Bob Clarke, business and stage manager. J. Helsinger is the proprietor. Artists are requested to address as per advertisement.

A LADY VOCALIST and a comic vocalist are wanted for a traveling company. Address as per advertisement.

OF THE VARIETY BUSINESS in Nashville, Tenn., our correspondent, "Xpert," writing Nov. 30th, says:—"Scarcity of money and hard times have made even variety business dull. Major Gunkel still keeps the Academy of Music open. Miss Nellie Georgia and Miss Julia De Lee are the latest acquisitions to the company. They commenced Nov. 28th. Ned Streight, leader of orchestra, withdrew on the 26th inst.; he will be succeeded by Prof. Dick Curry, who comes from Atlanta, and will take charge of the orchestra on the 5th of Dec. Ned Streight goes to Memphis. Johnny Smith, Dave Angelo and Masters Tommie and Wallie Jerome are the end men, with Dan Griffin as interlocutor. Mollie Somers withdraws on Dec. 1st to go to St. Louis. The acts and afterpieces produced by manager Griffin are good. The rest of the performers are all old favorites. Miss Julia De Lee is an old favorite, and was well received and her dancing is excellent. Dan Howes' grand combination, consisting of Miss Lizette Le Fevre, Miss Graham, Miss Triplett, Miss Caroline Parker, Miss Bentley, Geo. Thatcher, Master Johnny, and the great Dan Howe himself, will open at the Academy of Music on the 5th of December.

PROF. WILLIS COBB'S TROUPE of trained dogs, monkeys and goats, and Goshen, the giant comedian, were the leading cards at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., during the past week. Miss Kitty Rhoades is the successful engagement at Wall's Opera House during the week ending Nov. 26th, at the close of which he was at once secured by Manager Henze. The dogs are remarkably intelligent and perform some very wonderful feats. Mr. Goshen is really a prodigious creature. He stands eight feet high and weighs nearly 700 lbs. Ordinary sized chairs are of no use to him, and like Pratt, the Indiana Senator, he is obliged to transport from place to place a chair especially constructed for him. At the conclusion of the variety entertainment each evening Mr. Goshen appears in a drama written expressly for him, entitled "Bacchio; or, the Mountain Hag." Mr. J. E. Sweetser assumes a leading character, and the other members of the company fill the several parts in a satisfactory manner. Dec. 5th, Mr. Goshen commences a week's visit. He opened Nov. 6th and only expected to remain six nights, but, as he was considered an attractive feature, he was re-engaged for four weeks. The minstrel scene, as of yore, is an agreeable part of the performance. Bowman and Harris continue on the ends and Mr. Porter, the stage manager, still holds forth as interrogator. Fanny Florence and Julia May do the sentimental singing, besides executing their several specialities in the olio. Miss May is quite prepossessing in her appearance, and is a vocalist of considerable ability. I am told she was employed in the Treasury Department in this city about a year ago, and is therefore something of a novice in the variety business, although upon the stage she seems perfectly at ease, and in every way successful. Ada Mackenzie is a stunning little body, and is positively good in either jig or song and dance. She was at one time with the Carter Zorave Troupe, and reminds one very much of Alice Somers, recently at this establishment, and a great favorite. A Grecian bend Can-can dance by Ellen Revere, Josephine Waiby and Fanny Florence, is one of the good things on the programme. He writes our correspondent, "Novice."

AT THE PIKE'S PEAK THEATRE DOUBLE, Baltimore, Md., an entire change of programme has been presented during the week, and the best bill of the season. On Nov. 28th the "Beni-Zong-Zong Arabs" made their first appearance at the Front. They are wonderful in their acrobatic, gymnastic and athletic feats—especially in their human pyramids. They have attracted full houses during the week. Another new and successful feature is Mons. Cordelia's *ballet*, entitled the Girls of the 5th Maryland Regiment," brought out in costly style. The local burlesque, "La Belle Savage," is a humorous production and has taken well. Rollin Howard's song, "Let Me Be," has made a great hit. It was sung and danced by Jas. S. Edwards and Sam Devere. These gentlemen, in connection with Dick Ralph, have also appeared in new songs, sketches, &c. So writes our correspondent, "Don Juan."

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent writes us the following intelligence, dated Dec. 2d:—"The Race street continues to be the only ball open down town, and even it is without its head, its proprietor, Mr. Davis, having received the same sentence in the police court yesterday, as Mr. Egan, of the same house, had the previous week, viz.:—A fine of $10 and imprisonment in the workhouse for thirty days. This was for exhibiting without a license. In the company there were several changes. Hen Mason and Celia Ifert left for Indianapolis, and instead of the former, George Kurtz has joined, playing bones and giving Dutch songs and dances. Lucille Hamilton, a clever vocalist, is another new comer, as also is Carrie Austin, who sings sweetly, and on Monday F. H. Scott, the ventriloquist, joins. Mlle Le Favre ceased to play here last night, in consequence of the trouble, and whether she will resume, or depart for other climes, is as yet undecided. Johnny Shay, the spirited song and dance artist, at present at this hall, is to open in Pittsburg on Monday, 5th.....The Alberts and Academy of Music are both still closed, but may re-open next week, the former having passed into new hands. Their closing has inconvenienced a number of performers. Harry Alberts has gone to Terre Haute, to manage a hall there. Charley Atkins, Sage Richardson and the Hawley Brothers are awaiting something to turn up.....The Brighton Varieties, a diminutive but fine sized concert hall in the city, opened this week. The company comprises Tim Woodruff, John Nealon, John Nichols, Hank Devon, Billy Reed, Rose Sherman and Emma Nealon.....Besides those formerly mentioned, the following performers are delighting the Germans 'over the Rhine':—Signor Zegrino, the trapezist; Nellie Zegrino, balladist; Bonnie Emerson, soubrette; Ella Wilson, *danseuse*; Johnny Foster, song and dance, and M. Grimm, comedian. The authorities, with a proper respect for the German vote, are unable to see any hails in that district running without a license.....A company has just been organized here to open in Chillicothe, Ohio, on Monday, 5th. It will consist of Marsh Adams, Johnny Connors, Lew Carnegie, Mlle Bates, Mlle St. Martin and others.....The Chappee and Whitney Combination was not adhesive enough to cling together more than a week. It went to pieces at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, this (last) week. Chappee, Whitney, Lew Brimmer and Annie Brimmer went to Cleveland. The rest came here as mournfully as an exile of Erin. It may as well be added that the Hall and Bacon Minstrels met the same untimely fate at Newark, Ohio, two days ago. 'Whom the gods love die young!'"

THE PATRONS OF THE VARIETIES THEATRE, St. Louis, Mo., had a very enjoyable bill presented to them nightly this (last) week. The favorites Mlle. Bertha, Sallie Mason and Clara Butler do much to entertain us in the vocal line, while Nellie Whitney and La Belle Ida do the same with their songs and dances. "My Father Sold Chocolate" by the former, and a new version of 'How is That for High,' by the latter, are well received. The new song and dance, 'Let Me Be,' something on the 'Shoo Fly' style, by Johnny Redden and Nellie Whitney, is very good. Clark Gibbs is irresistible in his personations of the old time nig, and Emmett Leslie in his own slippery sliding Can-can or dance of old Virginny, for which he has to respond to three or four *encores* nearly every evening. Sig. Congantine, as usual, has something new and good on this week in the shape of a beautiful fairy pantomimic *ballet* entitled 'The Fairy of the Forest,' in which the characters and dances are done by himself, Mr. W. J. Stanton, Miss Brunetti, Miss Celine, Oberti and *corps de ballet*. The performances conclude with the nautical drama entitled The Inchcape Bell; or, the Dumb Boy of the Wreck' with Mr. Frank Frayne as Guy Ruthven, which he personates in a very creditable manner. Hans Hattock, by Hi Chapman, is also ably rendered, as well as Sampson Sawdust by Frank Curtis, Jupiter Seabreeze by W. J. Stanton, Captain Trafford, R. F. Barnes and Sir John Trevanly by L. McCormick. Miss Anna Hathaway, the popular leading lady, does the dumb boy very effectively, although the part does not afford much scope for her abilities. Becky Butterfly is capitally rendered by Sallie Mason. Next week Miss Minnie Williams, with her caravan of animals, consisting of lions, camels, and the elephant Stonewall, begins an engagement, opening in "The Lion of Numa," during which piece she enters the den of lions.....No new stars are on this week at Carroll's Varieties. Minnie Baker and Maud De Lisle, who opened last week, are popular in their different songs and dances, and have become favorites. Miss Emma Morton, formerly of the Varieties Theatre, is out in some very choice vocal selections this week, and is well received. Marie Noel, the charming little song and dance artist, still remains, as well as Joe Woods, Ettie Barker, Nell Rogers, &c. A laughable negro farce by Mr. B. Courtwright, entitled "The Forged Will," concludes the evening's performances this week, in which Mr. Courtwright, Mr. G. Wilson, A. S. Casper, Minnie Rainforth and Billy Burton take parts.....At the Sixth Street Varieties, Joe Gaffet continues to please in his Dutch personations. A good bill is presented nightly, consisting of songs, dances, negro acts, &c., &c., by Billy Rivers, Billy Lilley, Bob Frayne, Libby Hensley, Clara Dean, Hattie Miranda, Johnny Collins and others." So says "Agra," our correspondent, under date of Dec. 2.

AT THE VARIETIES THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., the attendance has been very fair. Kate Fisher has been playing "Mazeppa" all the week. The olio which had opened the entertainment, and given universal satisfaction. Eva Brent, Emma Alford, Sidney Franks and the Leopolds are fine performers in their several *roles*. Kate Fisher is announced to remain only this week. She opens in Cleveland on the 5th. Obesto goes west next week. Eva Brent, Jule Keen, Collins, Oates, Pendy and Herman remain. The new people appearing on the 5th will be:—Signor Lozada, juggler; Brown and Sandford, men of the iron jaw; Mr. Wilson, comic; Lee Collins, [illegible] John Shay, song and dance artist, and Charley Benedict, Ethiopian delineator.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Terre Haute, Ind., two new faces have put in an appearance—Harry Alberts and Frank Dillon. Both were well received. Harry Alberts takes charge of the stage management in place of Jake Berry. Matt. McCollom has left and Johnnie Smith fills his position. Schoolcraft, Gilfoil and Rouke are great favorites; Miss Belle Graham Melville and Agnes Robinson come in for their share of applause. On Tuesday, Dec. 6th, Luke Schoolcraft takes a benefit, when the entire company volunteers.

MONS. SANFRAN, gymnast, now performing at the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., opens at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., on Jan. 2d.

AT BROOM'S OPERA HOUSE, Memphis, Tenn., J. L. Davis and his performing dogs, Ben Wheeler, Lillie Bennie and Elise de Courcy were the attractions the past week.

CHARLES ABBOTT, clown, can be addressed at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.

ARTISTS with specialties and a brass band to play string, are wanted by "Manager," who advertises.

MADAME GERETTY, contortionist, who has just closed an engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., is prepared to accept engagements, and can be addressed care this office.

D'ATALIE AND ANGELA, the French athletic artists, are about to bring out a novelty entitled "Enchanted Glasses," in which the child Pretty is to be the principal performer. They also publish a card informing managers that they are in no way connected with the wrestlers—Eugene, Crest and Ledue.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., business has been excellent during the week ending Dec. 3d. Miss Belle St. Leon, who was advertised to appear this week, did not, on account of the sickness of a relative. The Senyeah's are still delighting all by their dancing feats on the double trapeze. Mons. Senyeah on the flying rings shows wonderful strength and powers of endurance. Kitty Le Roy left here on the 26th ult., and Julia Richmond and Josie Morris on Dec. 3d. So writes our correspondent, "Frank."

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., business has been good. Five new faces put in an appearance on the 28th inst., Ben Hall, banjoist and the flying trapeze former, late of Emerson's Minstrels, opened, and took the bone and, with Hen. Mason as tambo. Both made hits. Mason's specialties and quick changes, from white to black in seven seconds, must be seen to be appreciated. Cel

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FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 25cents each per line for each and every insertion.

FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.

FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., three cents per line, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

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In the erection of the building no expense has been spared to insure the comfort of the artists as well as to fully please and satisfy the public. Address C. E. HOSFORD,
Secretary Opera House Co., Terre Haute, Indiana.
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For information in regard to the elegance of the establishment, the magnificent manner in which pieces are produced, and its straightforward and honest management, the manager could refer to the following named stars who have played successful engagements with him:—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence; John Brougham, Esq.; Edwin Adams, Esq.; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins; E. Eddy, Esq.; Frank S. Chanfrau, Esq.; Hernandez Foster; The Lydia Thompson Troupe; The Parepa Rosa Opera Troupe; Oliver Doud Byron; The Meech Brothers' Black Crook; Lillie Nell; Robert McWade; Charles Gaylord and Joseph K. Emmett; Miss Lotta, and many others.

THE TRIMBLE OPERA HOUSE
does not recognize any opposition, as an old church, boished over with but one door, and a stage 23 feet wide and 16 deep, with wings 4 feet wide, a piece of gallery on one end of the concern, cannot be called a Theatre. The Trimble Opera House was not run as a VARIETY SHOW last summer, and probably never will be. The Trimble Opera House is not dear.

The Trimble Opera House has not reduced its prices.

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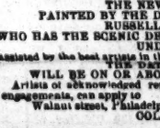
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